

✓ The real reason Ryan O'Neal was sent away to jail  
✓ Glen Campbell rushed to hospital! Doctors hide the cause

# MOTION PICTURE

JUNE  
50¢

**Why  
Lucille  
Ball's Son  
Is So Bitter  
About His  
Own Mother**



SHIRLEY JONES: I Used  
**The Wrong Kind Of  
Love To Woo  
David Cassidy**



## Tampax tampons. So you won't have to make excuses.

You're free to enjoy the magical water world. Anytime.

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And they're softly compressed to give you protection you

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And with Tampax tampons everything flushes away.

Try them. Making excuses isn't any fun.



Right from the start...

**TAMPAX**  
Tampons

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TAMPAX (INCORPORATED), PALMER, MASS.

# I was the 320 pound "Baby" of the family.

By Martha Nick—as told to Ruth L. McCarthy



*Like me better like I am now? So does everyone else. That's what getting down to 145 pounds can do for a girl.*

**D**ON'T misunderstand. At 320 pounds, I was no cradle baby. The fact is, I was in my twenties and so heavy that even my nieces and nephews noticed how I waddled. So they called me Baby Huey, the fat duck. It was embarrassing all right, but it actually took the threat of an operation to make me lose 175 pounds.

Of course, all that weight wasn't put on overnight. From the time I was twelve, I ate enough to feed my four brothers and three sisters. I simply liked food and nobody stopped me from eating.

Anyway, by the time I'd left my teens, my appetite was enormous. My breakfast consisted of 12 fried eggs, a pound of bacon, a package of butter-milk biscuits, a quarter pound of but-

ter and a quart of milk. I got so big, my mother often used upholstery material (and a size 60 pattern) to make me dresses.

Difficult as the clothing problem was, job hunting was even worse. At one place, they said I just wouldn't fit into their office. So I finally stayed home and ate myself into an acute gall bladder attack. But when the surgeon saw me, he refused to operate. Instead, he grabbed my belly and said: "Get that off or you won't live six months."

I sometimes wonder what I'd have done, if my mother hadn't discovered Ayds®... you know, that vitamin and mineral reducing-plan candy. It had worked for her, but I'd never given it a fair chance. And let's be honest. To reduce, you just can't keep stuffing food into yourself. But this time, I was in earnest, so I bought some vanilla caramel Ayds at the drugstore, though my mother often kept a box of one of the other flavors in the cupboard.

At first, I just substituted Ayds candies for between-meal snacks. And when you're used to eating a dozen crunchy-nut donuts at one clip, you can see how many calories I cut out of my day. Before long, I began to get results, so I decided to follow the Ayds Plan properly. I took one or two Ayds before each meal with a hot drink (for me, tea) and those little candies really helped curb my appetite. Without harmful drugs, too.

It was around Christmas, I remember, and it was the first year that I hung more cookies on the tree than I ate. Of course, on the Ayds Plan, I ate lots of proteins and greens and I not only dropped pounds, but my blood pressure went from 220 to 125. The doctor was so amazed, he postponed my operation until July.

Meanwhile, I began to take up sports. I wanted as much exercise as I could get to let my muscles catch up with my skin. Besides, I wanted my social life to make up for my wasted years. You

*At 320 pounds, I should have been worth a double deduction on income tax.*

see, I'd been imprisoned in all that fat for so long that I needed to feel totally free. That's why I took up sky diving. Just the elements and me! A really super feeling.

Today, at 145 pounds, I've come completely out of my shell. I have a great job at Indiana Bell Telephone Company in South Bend, and these days I go out more than I stay in. What's more, for the first time in my whole life, I can face women on an equal basis. I'm not afraid of them anymore. In fact, I even feel secure enough to have a steady boyfriend. As for getting married, I've decided that can wait awhile. You see, thanks to Ayds, I still have a lot of living to do.

## BEFORE AND AFTER MEASUREMENTS

	Before	After
Height	5'8"	5'8"
Weight	320 lbs.	145 lbs.
Bust	36"	39"
Waist	46"	31 1/2"
Hips	52"	36 1/2"
Dress • Pattern 60 • Store Size 12		



**F**or the woman  
who wants more  
children.

Later



## Delfen® Contraceptive Foam

We know what you have been looking for. A thoroughly tested means of birth control. Nothing to "wear" or remove. A product you can buy without a prescription.

You have it now. DELFEN Contraceptive Foam. A pure white, fragrant foam that applies instantly, discreetly, in a single application. Undetectable in use. And it needs no doubts.

DELFEN also comes in cream form. Both products are available at drugstores throughout the U.S. and Canada. Without prescription. DELFEN is the natural choice, if it is not yet time for your next  
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America's First Movie Magazine . . . Est. 1910

# MOTION PICTURE

JUNE 1971

VOL. 60 NO. 725

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# "I increased my Bustline from 34" to a full 39" in just 8 weeks with the Mark Eden Developer"



Marianne Cavill  
before her  
Mark Eden  
Course  
BUST 34"

**Marianne Cavill  
today—  
a full 39"**

says Marianne Cavill

"I was thrilled and amazed at what the Mark Eden Developer did for my figure. When I first received my developer, my bustline measured 34 inches. From the moment I started using it, I noticed a marked increase in firmness and shape, and then almost overnight my bustline measurement increased—I gained 2 full inches during the first 3 weeks, making my bustline 36 inches and during the next 5 weeks I increased my bustline steadily until it reached a full 39 inches for a total gain of 5 inches in just 8 weeks. I enthusiastically recommend the Mark Eden Developer—it is simple and easy to use, takes only minutes a day and produces truly fantastic results."

## HERE ARE JUST A FEW OF THE MANY THOUSANDS OF WOMEN WHO ARE REPORTING AMAZING RESULTS:

**Mrs. Myra Lee Collins, Grand Prairie, Texas:** "I can hardly believe my own results. I have increased my bust from a 34B to a 36D in just 30 days with the Mark Eden Developer."

**Mrs. Douglas Tidwell, Franklin, Tenn.:** "I never dreamed that after four children I would ever regain my bustline, but after just six weeks I have gone from a 32A to a 36C."

**Mrs. Sharon Ford, Prospect Harbor, Me.:** "I must admit I was a bit skeptical at first, but after eight weeks of use I increased my bustline from 35 inches to 37½ inches. Now after nine months of use I measure a firm 40 inches."

**WHAT IS THE MARK EDEN METHOD?** The Mark Eden Method is a tremendously exciting concept of bustline development. It is not a cream, not an artificial stimulator. It is an exercise that employs special techniques, safely and effectively—the degree of effectiveness turning upon factors which vary among individuals—with thousands of women throughout America reporting remarkable success in enlarging, shaping and firming their bustlines to their loveliest proportions.

**THE MARK EDEN EXCLUSIVE MONEY BACK GUARANTEE:** Marianne Cavill is just one of the many, many women who are reporting gains of from 3 to 5 inches on their bustlines—and while we do not state that every woman will receive results, thousands upon thousands of women are reporting that the Mark Eden Developer has given them the kind of bustline development they have always dreamed of... And if the Mark Eden Developer does not produce for you the results which have delighted so many of our customers, this guarantee is your protection: If after using the Mark Eden Bustline Developer and Course for only two weeks, you do not see a significant difference in your bustline development, simply return the developer and course to Mark Eden and your money will be promptly refunded.



Marga Lane  
before her  
Mark Eden Course  
BUST 36"



Marga Lane  
after 8 weeks on her  
Mark Eden Course  
BUST 40"



Elizabeth Grant  
before her  
Mark Eden Course  
BUST 34"



Elizabeth Grant  
after 8 weeks on her  
Mark Eden Course  
BUST 39"

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# News



Joyce Haber's



Ali MacGraw and hubby Bob Evans were thrilled to attend the Royal Command Performance of *Love Story*, held in London.



The Queen Mother showed Ali, co-star Ryan O'Neal and lovely Olivia de Havilland (r.) the hankie she used during the movie.



**JIM FRANCIS** and **DAVID JANSSEN** are all returning to the small screen after outings in features

—*Marie Callender's Christmas Carol*, *Oliver! (1971)*, *China*, *Oliver! (1972)*, *Treasury* (1971), was being screened for members of the U. S. Treasury department, when I arrived in Washington on my way to the congregation of lemmings in New York. The supermoney-men loved it, and their enthusiasm, I found, reflected an overall fascination with show business from one-half hour a night during prime time (7:30-11 p. m.).

Each evening scheduling time, TV production men swarm (or swim) like lemmings to the east—and this year their stay was longer, more frantic and less rewarding than ever. I know, because I was there. Producers, who call the Government edict "the FCC's Vietnam," lost out; they sold few shorts and made a U.S. view. I still feel he has got on with a little available airtime, the nets were ruthless to many established but slipped-in-the-Nielsen-ratings-stars. Among the old standbys dropped **RED SKELTON**, **ED SULLIVAN**, **LAWRENCE WEIL**, **JIM NABORS** and **THE NINON** administration.

In the round of parties my husband and I attended with Mr. Kissing, we were constantly questioned about the *New Hollywood* and its stars. We visited the President's private projection room at the White House and learned that he has a particular fondness for *TV* series. *McCloud* and *McHale's Navy*—mentioning World War II, which he's seen countless times; as well as for *MIKE TODD's* escapist movie, *Around The World In 80 Days* (five times); plus

*Fox's*, *Patton* (twice) and *Paramount's Love Story*.

Continuing on to New York, we saw the sensational offspring of *Love Story's* beautiful **ALI MACGRAW** and her husband, Paramount studio chief **ROBERT EVANS**. His name is **JOSHUA**. His age was six weeks, and I couldn't decide which parent he resembled, Ali or Bob, but with so such horrendous parents, does that really matter? I can tell you that Joshua Evans is really a winner.

The Evans took off for the Royal Command Performance of *Love Story* in London, as did Ali's co-star, **RYAN O'NEAL**, and yes, Ryan attended alone, without his wife, **LEIGH T. LEIGH** (1971). **LEIGH** is young, they're still officially denying a split, but even for the New Hollywood the *New Mathemetics* are strong. One and one did not make two at either the London or later the Paris opening of Ryan's smash movie. Ryan was dining with at least one unidentified, lascivious young fellow (living in London) while Leigh was savoring a brand-new hour she bought in Santa Fe, New Mexico.

But back in New York, **MARLO THOMAS** was cutting a very curvaceous

# Hollywood



Ryan learned how to greet Princess Margaret (r.) at dress rehearsal the day before, but was so nervous he almost forgot.



All chatted with pal Dustin Hoffman at the Command Performance, which is a charity showing held by the Cinema Trade Fund.



*Love Story* co-stars Ray Milland (l.) and John Marley (c.), whose performance won him an Oscar nomination, celebrated

movies, mostly **BUSBY BERKELEY** spectacles, mostly opposite the late **DICK POWELL**. Now *Ruby's* back. She's a smash. *Star!* (1971) is another smash, and *Love Story* is another smash. People are paying as much as \$100 a ticket to see the lady who once danced on screen with Hollywood's famous tough guy, **JAMES CAGNEY**. And audiences are saying it's worth the money. That's Broadway, and those are the doings of some First Families.

**REMARKABLE REMARK OF THE MONTH**—**CATHERINE DENEUVE**'s latest stunner romance is with France's **JUSTIN ORMOND**, who gave a rather staggering nonanswer to a bystander when the lovers attended a Paris opening dressed like twins. They wore matching leopard coats (oh, whether *cool*?) and his and her HotPants. Justin was asked if he would let his woman wear HotPants to a premiere? His nonstop: "When you work with Catherine all day and see each other all night, you never have time to have your pants pressed" *Eh, quel Monsieur Ormond?*

**REMARKABLE REMARK OF THE MONTH**: From outspoken, bestselling author **IRVING WALLACE**, Irving was talking about his book on eccentric women, *The Nympho And Other Maniacs*. "If I had written *Nympho* a few decades from now, I would have included chapters on **JACQUELINE KENNEDY**, **JANE FONDA**, and **ELIZABETH TAYLOR**. You know, *Nympho* has been a smash."

**"S PARTY OF THE MONTH**: The black-tie dinner tribute to **LUCILLE**—please turn the page

# New Hollywood

continued



Ryan's attending minus actress-wife Leigh Taylor-Young once more stirred up the rumors of a split, which Ryan (with *Love Story* producer Howard Minsky) vehemently denied to all who asked.



Tony Curtis and wife Leslie Allen (L.), who welcomed their first child this past January, were honored to have been invited. Tony, who's living in London, just wrapped up his new TV series there.

**BALL** at which the irrepressible redhead accepted the International Radio and Television Society's Gold Medal award. Manhattan's Waldorf-Astoria was filled to its towering rafters with show-business types who came to salute their very own greatest living female institution. Like **CAROL BURNETT**, **HARVEY KORMAN**, **JIM NABORS** and **GLEN CAMPBELL**, all of whom entertained; daughter **LUCIE ARNAZ**, with her fiancé, producer **PHILIP VANDERVOORT**; her husband, producer-comedian **GARY MORTON**; and that mighty talk-man **DAVID FROST** (for once, but unaccountably, without his **DIANNE CARROLL**). The presidents of all three networks took it all in, **CBS' ROBERT WOOD**, **NBC'S DON DURGIN** and **ABC'S JIM DUFFY**. Proving that good entertainment can override petty rivalries.

**"A EVENT OF THE MONTH:** The Movieland Wax Museum's unveiling of a likeness of That Girl whom thousands of visitors said they most wanted to see there. I refer to **MARLO THOMAS**, who was mobbed by the crowd of fans that turned up to greet her. Earlier, Marlo entertained, Marlo-style—first, with drinks at Hollywood's Brown Derby restaurant, then with dinner catered by waiters aboard two buses on the way to Buena Vista. The diners munched on cold filet from boxes decorated with tiny daisies (Marlo's favorite flower). They slipped red and white wine. They admired their hostess, modeled chicly in wax wearing a miniskirt by **CARDINALI** and black patent-leather boots by **CARDIN**: or in person, dressed by the young set's hot new favorite, **HALSTON**, in pink satin blouse and black satin HotPants. All in all, it was an inaugural to remember.

**GIDDY GOSSIP:** The **TONY CURTISES**, new parents, will remain in Eng-

land through most of the summer. Tony just finished taping his brand new ABC-series there co-starring **ROGER MOORE** and for Britain's eminent producer **SIR LEW GRADE**. **LESLIE** and Tony tell me they really like London, for one thing; that Tony has a movie to make there, for another; and that maybe by fall he'll have landed a part in a major Hollywood movie . . . Another much-talked-about star, and another who's working a series for Lew Grade, is **SHIRLEY MACLAINE**. She was still being talked about when Shirley showed up for the Friars' Club dinner honoring **ALAN KING** with—who else—but—newscaster **SANDOR VANOCUR**. Shirley's husband, **STEVE PARKER**, was presumably (still) living in Japan, and the title of her well-reviewed memoirs, somewhat appropriately, *Don't Fall Off The Mountain*.

When **HOWARD HUGHES** learned of the death of **JACK ENTRATTER**, his major domo at Las Vegas' Sands, he offered his private plane to the family, and any additional boons that they might require. Entratter would have been promoted by HH, had he lived, to entertainment director for all the Hughes interests in Las Vegas . . . A lot of eyes have been on **KAREN BLACK**, the ingenue of *Five Easy Pieces*. And Karen had her eyes on her eyes when she visited Charles of the Ritz's salon in Manhattan: she bought 20 pairs of eyelashes there . . . Unknown to almost anyone (except maybe **FRANK** and a very few others) **AVA GARDNER** breezed into Los Angeles, stayed with her sister **BEA** while having some dental work done, then went on to ex-husband **SINATRA**'s now-on-the-block retreat in Acapulco for a rest. No, Frank wasn't there. He was in Palm Springs, dreaming up the announcement of his retirement that was to startle the film colony. In fact, I scooped Frank's

official announcement by more than two weeks, but no one believed it when I said he was going to quit show business. He's bought a much larger, lonelier tract of land in Acapulco and will build on that site. Which is why the house that **Mia Farrow** slept in is currently up for sale.

The **ANDRE PREVINS** arrived in New York, where he was to be guest conductor with the Philadelphia orchestra at Carnegie Hall. And Mrs. P. alias **MIA FARROW**, alias the ex-Mrs. Sinatra, was mobbed by reporters. They were seeking Mia's comment on Francis Albert's retirement announcement. But Mia remains Mia. She had no comment. Surprise! . . . **JAMES TAYLOR** gave a gentle but very winning performance in concert at Anaheim's Convention Center to a sellout crowd. The top rock performer sang most of the songs from his very golden record *Sweet Baby James* and a number from his newer disc, *Madeline Slim*. It was all ob-so-gold that **LOU ADLER** and his off-and-on steady, **PEGGY LIPTON**, even winged in to the Hollywood area from a weekend in Puerto Vallarta to attend.

On the racing scene, celebrities dotted the Ontario Motor Speedway 30 miles from Hollywood for the running of the Queso Grand Prix Sports Car competition. The official hostess was pretty **ROSEMARIE STACK**, and swarming about the Queen Bee, in addition to her husband **ROBERT**, were **PAUL NEWMAN**, **JIM GARNER** and **STEVE MCQUEEN**. Lucky ladies, lucky gentlemen.

To all my reading friends and foes, love until next month—**JOYCE**.

(Read Joyce Haber's column in newspapers throughout the U. S., Canada and Europe, as syndicated through the *L. A. Times*.)

# Lose Ugly Fat—While You Eat the Foods You Love!



**THOUSANDS DO! YOU CAN TOO!** You can get slim and stay slim while you enjoy your favorite foods: waffles or pancakes with maple syrup! Chili! Hot muffins! Turkey with dressing! Goulash! Beef Stroganoff! Ice cream sundaes! Pot roast! Mashed potatoes and gravy! Pie with whipped cream topping!"

**THE DIME-A-DAY DIET!** And the Slim-Pak Plan is not only safe, easy, and effective, it costs you just a dime a day! Even less when you buy the 60 or 90 day Plan! For Dime-a-Day, you can have the figure you'll love, be able to wear the clothes everyone will admire!

**LOSE WEIGHT—"WITHOUT STARVING!"** The Slim-Pak Plan is not a fad or crash diet; contains no dangerous drugs. Especially formulated for the dieter who has "tried everything"—and failed!

**SLIM-PAK IS PERSONALIZED!** Slim-Pak can work for you where other diets have failed because only your Slim-Pak Plan takes into account the foods you like to eat, your sex, your age, your height, your present weight, and what you'd like to weigh!

**OVERWEIGHT FOR 14 YEARS.** "I have been overweight for 14 years. Two years ago, in 3 months I lost 40 pounds. Now, another addition to the family

*Now for the first time, you can eat fried chicken, cheesecake, milkshakes, and brownies—and still lose weight with the Slim-Pak Plan!*

and I once again need the assistance of Slim-Pak. The results are marvelous!"

#### 'SO MUCH TO EAT YOU DON'T GET HUNGRY!'

"Started 30 days ago...45 inch waist. Today 41 inch waist and I can bend without any trouble...everyone tells me how much better I look. Slim-Pak leaves you so much to eat you don't get hungry."

**LOSES 27 POUNDS IN 60 DAYS!** "I have just completed my second month of the Slim-Pak Plan. When I started I weighed 180 pounds and measured 40 inches around the waist. I now weigh 153 pounds and have a 34 inch waist."

**TEENAGER LOSES POUND A DAY!** "I am 16 years old and have been on the diet for 2 weeks and have lost 14 pounds. I have dieted many other times, but I have gotten the greatest satisfaction from the Slim-Pak diet. I am very seldom tired and usually do not get hungry between meals."

**MOTHER LOST 37 POUNDS.** "My mother weighed 175 pounds. Six months of the Slim-Pak Plan and she is down to 138. I'm sending for Slim-Pak!"

**'WITHOUT NERVOUS TENSION.'** "Without fear of getting off my diet or nervous

tension and that empty feeling, I have lost 3½ inches from my hips—5 inches from my waist. I have lost 18 pounds."

**'MIRACULOUS' SAYS LADY, 70.** "I am 70 years of age and they have helped me miraculously. Besides losing weight I have gained considerable strength and desire to live."

#### GUARANTEED!

#### RESULTS GUARANTEED!

These excerpts from actual letters were unsolicited. Your degree of success with the Slim-Pak Plan obviously depends on YOU, but remember,

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- 60-day supply—\$5 (save \$1)
- 90-day supply—\$7 (save \$2)

Please add extra 50¢ for postage and handling.

Send C.O.D., I enclose \$1 deposit

Please complete

Male  Female Age \_\_\_\_\_

I am \_\_\_\_\_ feet, \_\_\_\_\_ inches tall

I now weigh \_\_\_\_\_ pounds

I would like to weigh \_\_\_\_\_ pounds.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Zip \_\_\_\_\_

#### WEIGHT LOSS GUIDE

How much weight would you like to take off—and keep off? Our records show:

People who want to lose:	Usually order:
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# Between You And Me



This month we're taking a new look at some of the most popular and successful women in show business. And I think you'll agree that in each case you'll be finding out about a surprising aspect of these ladies you thought you knew so well.

Lucille Ball's name has always been synonymous with laughter, yet now we learn that Lucy, the classic clown, has been hiding real torment behind the slapstick fun. And Shirley Jones . . . she admits in a very candid story how her first approach to stepson David Cassidy almost resulted in disaster. Carol Burnett, a close pal of Lucy's and another dedicated mother, shares with MP a painful decision she's been forced to make. On the lighter side, Sophia Loren, Italy's favorite *mamma*, has gotten her vocal chords in shape to really fill the nursery with lullabies. She's surprised even her devoted Carlo with her crooning style. We all know from watching Doris Day in movies and on TV that she's a slim, graceful, feminine performer. Well, this month we learn the painful

truth from Billy De Wolfe, who's co-starred with Doris many times and has a purple heart to prove it! Delicate Doris can be deadly!

Last month I made you two promises of exciting things to come. TNT is here, on page 35, and I hope you find it all that I told you to expect and more! We're all so excited about it that there was a fight over who should get to read it first . . . it was even fun rereading this specialty when the proofs came back! Please let us know how you feel about TNT. So far so good, right? The second promise was a giant "Nostalgia" contest in which you could win treasures from the 20th Century-Fox auction. Please stick with us for one more month. We'll be bringing that to you next month with goodies from Humphrey Bogart, along with Liz Taylor and Shirley Temple. I'm sorry about the delay, but I'm sure you'll find the prizes worth the wait.

Right now I'm off for a few weeks in Israel. I'll let you know about the movie business on location next month.

ALICE SCHONINGER

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\$16.98 Tina color \_\_\_\_\_

I enclose full amount \$ \_\_\_\_\_

I enclose \$2 Good Will deposit for each wig. I will pay  
postman balance plus post office and handling charges.

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We get  
your  
message

#### THE SEXY GENTLEMAN OF SONG

I am writing to compliment you on your beautiful color photo and feature on dear Francis Albert Sinatra's pride and joy "Nancy With The Laughing Face" becoming Mrs. Hugh Lambert. Loved all the photos. I hope Nancy and Hugh make the sexy gentleman of song a grandpa very soon.

Please keep featuring all the Sinatras.  
—Nancy Powers, Detroit, Mich.

*We were all astounded to hear Frankie announce his retirement a couple of months ago. Our only consolation is that he's recorded enough songs to keep our hearts melting for many years to come. For all you dedicated Sinatra fans, don't miss next month's issue of MP or you'll be missing a very special treat—a tribute to Sinatra!*  
—ED.

#### HATS OFF TO WELK

Lawrence Welk's success story is one that's hard to follow. He had absolutely nothing in the beginning and made his way to the top through hard work. Far too many

young people today are not willing to work that hard for success. My hat's off to Lawrence Welk. We enjoy hearing about Welk and his family, on and off TV.

—Corn Davenport, Denver, Colo.

*ABC has dropped Welk's show for next fall, but Lawrence's bubbles aren't all broken. He is in the process of syndicating his show to individual stations across the country. So watch your local listings for day and time—and have another wallet with Welk.*  
—ED.

#### THE BOY WITH THE GOLDEN GRIN

Thank you, thank you for the very nice



LAWRENCE WELK

## Statement with respect to pictures in the February 1971 issue of MOTION PICTURE

Through error, the photographs that accompanied an article about Patty Duke's pregnancy in the February issue of MOTION PICTURE were not the photographs of Patty Duke but of a young lady who, we are assured, is not and has never been pregnant, but was at Patty Duke's house when the photographs were taken. Although we do not think it disparaging to be mistaken for Patty Duke, we regret the error.

article and pictures on David Hartman (The Man With The Golden Grin—April 1971). A very appropriate title.

I had the pleasure of meeting this charming young man and he's been my favorite ever since.

Sometimes I wonder if the stars take time to read the articles written on them. Do you think David does?

—Margo McDonnell, Chicago, Ill.

*You know, Margo, in all our dealings with David, we never asked him directly! Think we'll give him a call. If he gives the answer we've always assumed—his "golden grin" will remain intact.*  
—ED.

#### OLD STARS & OLD MOVIES

I enjoy reading "Nostalgia" very much and I want to express my deepest appreciation for the story about producer Joe Pasternak in your November issue. I loved all of his musicals and especially the ones with Deanna Durbin because she has always been a favorite of mine.

I only wish that they made movies like they used to.

Please still write about the stars of yesteryear.

—Jean Tharrington, Raleigh, N. C.

#### CALLIN' FOR BROLIN

We think Jim Brolin is terrific and watch Marcus Welby every week. Please do more stories on him and Robert Young too—with lots of photos.

—Robert and Bob Ash, Darien, Conn.

#### ALICE IN MOVIELAND

Has Alice Faye been honored yet as just about everyone loved her movies? If she hasn't, will she be soon?  
—Mrs. Thomas Conrad, New Orleans, La.

*Alice's life story hasn't been done yet in our "Nostalgia" feature, but she certainly will be—sooner we hope.*

*By the way, rumor has it that Alice will be doing the London production of No, Nancie! Yes, yes, Alice!*  
—ED.

Address: READER MAIL — MOTION PICTURE, Box 4482, Grand Central Station, New York, New York 10167. Sign all questions with last name and address. Letters will be read when so requested.



ALICE FAYE

# EARN A STARRING ROLE IN LIFE!



Be a star in your own family—by having a solid job skill. Whatever you are, whatever you're doing now, that job skill can make you that star!

It's better than money in the bank. It's a bigger paycheck—for life. It's security, it's promotion. It's confidence. It's that terrific feeling of knowing you're good at what you do. And it's taking good care of your family, or helping your family reach its goals.

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Let ICS show you how you can earn your own starring role. What else could you do today that could be more important to your whole life? Write for all the free details—now!

## ICS<sup>®</sup> International Correspondence Schools Division of Intext

Take your first step . . . mail this coupon today . . . ICS, Scranton, Pa. 18511.  
For information on a program of independent study, send me now the 30-page booklet  
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■ Woodworking



# AS WE LOOK BACK AND LAUGH, HAROLD LLOYD LIVES



A 75-cent pair of horn-rimmed glasses, which he insured for \$25,000, brought Harold Lloyd wealth and worldwide fame.

■ Harold Lloyd was a shining member of Hollywood's Golden Age of Comedy. With hair-raising stunts—like hanging on the hands of a clock 12 stories high off the ground—he brought laughter to moviegoers of all ages. Born in Burkhart, Nebraska, in 1893, Lloyd died on March 8 of cancer, ending a long and successful career.

It wasn't until Harold Lloyd donned a pair of horn-rimmed glasses that he went from an unknown comedian to one of the silent screen and early talkies' greatest comics. Portraying a shy, accident-prone young chap, always in trouble, Lloyd's most popular films were *Feet First*, *The Freshman* and *Safety First*. He was one of the few actors of his time to retain the rights to most of his films and to retire wealthy (his films grossed \$35 million). Lloyd was happily married from 1923 to actress Mildred Davis.

Yes, Harold Lloyd is gone, but he will live through his films. ■

**NEW EUROPEAN REOUING DISCOVERY SPREADS LIKE WILDFIRE OVER ENTIRE CONTINENT!**  
**From England Comes News of the Greatest Breakthrough to End Overweight Forever!**  
**YES NOW YOU CAN EAT ALL YOU WANT AND LOSE WEIGHT**

# 'I lost 71 pounds of dangerous fat in only 60 days!'

**My Story of How I Was Able to LOSE 71 Pounds in ONLY 2 SHORT MONTHS Even Amazes Me . . .**  
**DON'T COUNT CALORIES . . . Eat 3 FULL MEALS A DAY . . . NO LOW CALORIE DIETS . . .**  
**NEVER BE HUNGRY AGAIN . . . COMPLETELY SAFE FOR ANY MAN OR WOMEN IN NORMAL HEALTH.**

In September of 1970 I was fortunate enough to come across a two page article in one of the leading women's publications in the United States. This article told about a NEW, QUICK, SURE and SATISFYING METHOD that started in England and is presently sweeping through France, Holland and ALL OF EUROPE. People who were overweight, who have tried just about everything to LOSE POUNDS and INCHES and were always unsuccessful . . . finally found the missing link as to why, no matter how or what they tried . . . would not work to any degree. These fortunate people Stopped Starving Themselves, Stopped Counting Calories and STILL witnessed an unbelievable weight loss almost immediately. As I read more and more of this Startling Article, I realize the MANY MISTAKES I HAD MADE IN TRYING TO REDUCE MY WEIGHT and the more I read the MORE CONVINCED I WAS THAT I WAS GOING TO TRY THE PLAN THIS ARTICLE RECOMMENDED.

I began to follow this simple method and was startled to see the weight disappear before my very eyes. IN ONLY 1 WEEK 15 POUNDS MELTED AWAY. My clothing started to hang. I actually looked like I was wearing someone else's clothing. This didn't bother me at all, for this Easy, Quick and Safe Way to lose weight was what I had been looking for my entire adult life. And amazingly enough I wasn't hungry even once. As the weight seemingly dropped off I became more and more confident and as people praised my new appearance, I was even more thrilled and inspired to keep going. Finally after a short while I couldn't wear any of my clothes any longer . . . but this certainly didn't bother me. I ATE AND ATE as the FAT LITERALLY FELL OFF.

I then decided to give this amazing new concept to everyone willing to try something COMPLETELY NEW IN WEIGHT REDUCTION.

## THE MORE FOOD CONSUMED AND THE FULLER YOU FEEL THE BETTER IT WORKS!

Yes! You actually can eat all the food you desire until you're full and the pounds and inches will melt away forever! You'll see a tremendous difference in ONLY 5 DAYS!

## YOU MUST EAT 3 FULL MEALS A DAY EACH AND EVERY DAY

Believe it or not, is this possible? Not only is it possible to eat all you want and still grow slim but you must not skip any meals, even breakfast. No More Hunger Pangs, Headaches from being hungry . . . No Short Temper or that let-down weak feeling in general. Yes, thanks to this miraculous method you lose weight while still satisfying yourself of the food and nourishment your body needs. And best of all you don't have to count those calories each time you sit down to a good filling meal. Could anything be easier or more simple than that? Of course not!

THIS AMAZING NEW METHOD IS SWEEPING THROUGH EUROPE AND SLIMMING DOWN THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF WITH 100% SATISFACTION AND WITH COMPLETE SAFETY!

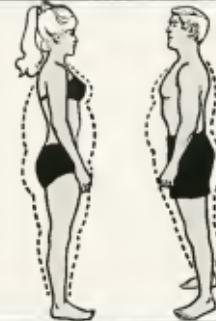
Yes, by following this simple method you can lose those pounds and inches . . . quickly, easily and safely . . . without ever being hungry again!

I can tell you method "SYNTRON". Yes, the SYNTRON Method really did the job for me and has been the answer to the overweight problems for thousands upon thousands of people like myself . . . male and female alike. So Live Longer, Look Better and Get Back Into Shape with all that Pep and Energy you had when you were your normal weight.

THIS EUROPEAN DISCOVERY FOR LOSING WEIGHT AND KEEPING IT OFF CAN NOW BE YOURS WITHOUT BEING HUNGRY . . .

## WITHOUT COUNTING CALORIES EVER AGAIN!

Here's how easy losing that ugly fat actually can be accomplished . . . Simply follow the SYNTRON Method. Just take 3 of my special, safe SYNTRON Tablets each day before each



**READ THE ASTONISHING RATE OF SPEED THAT MY EXCESS WEIGHT LITERALLY MELTED AWAY!**

**I LOST 31 POUNDS IN THE FIRST 2 WEEKS  
 AND BY THE END OF THE 2ND MONTH  
 (60 DAYS AFTER I HAD STARTED THE PLAN)  
 I WAS 71 POUNDS LIGHTER**

**YES, I LOST 71 POUNDS IN ONLY 60 DAYS!**

weight loss and to keep it off. NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME YOU CAN LOSE POUNDS AND INCHES WITH NO EFFORT AT ALL!

## GUARANTEED RESULTS IN 5 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

Tell my no-risk offer of the SYNTRON Method. Don't let another day pass. The longer you neglect your overweight condition the longer you are jeopardizing your health and ruining your appearance. Take advantage of my 5 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER. Remember you MUST SEE RESULTS IMMEDIATELY OR YOUR MONEY BACK. The SYNTRON Method worked wonders for me and can do the same for you or it doesn't cost you anything. Send your order for the SYNTRON Method today! You'll be glad you did.

## READ MY AMAZING NO-RISK GUARANTEE CAREFULLY:

1. You **MUST** see pounds and inches start disappearing the 1st 5 days.
2. You **MUST** never feel hungry at all.
3. You **MUST** see faster results than you have ever witnessed before.
4. You **MUST** feel and look better the first week.
5. You **MUST** lose the amount of weight you desire—or return the unused portion for a complete refund.

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 I would like to lose pounds in 14 days.  
 I would like to lose pounds in 21 days.  
 I would like to lose pounds in 28 days.  
 I would like to lose pounds in 35 days.  
 I would like to lose pounds in 50 days.

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Enclosed is my payment in FULL for your wonderful SYNTRON Method. I understand that if I do not lose pounds and inches after following your SYNTRON Method I am entitled to a refund of the complete purchase price.

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 36 DAY Supply of SYNTRON only \$5.95  
 68 DAY Supply of SYNTRON only \$10.80 (Save \$2.00)  
 96 DAY Supply of SYNTRON only \$15.65 (Save \$3.60)  
 128 DAY Supply of SYNTRON only \$20.80 (Save \$4.00)

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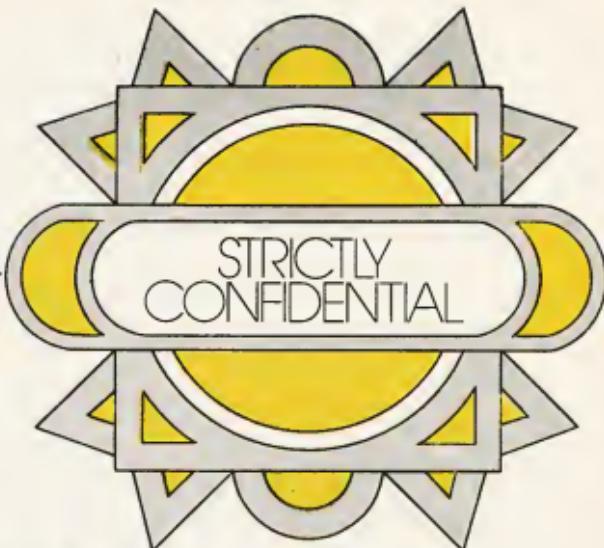
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By Will Tusher



THESE ARE THE QUESTIONS, FOLKS—Could LIZ TAYLOR's sensational new slimline look have anything to do with that wandering look lately dancing in RICH BURTON's eyes? The which look? The no-place-like-room look which Burton watchers keep reporting as which look—& notwithstanding the Liz & Rich co-starred lensing South of the Border. . . . Have JIM ARNESS & THORDIS BRANDT been secretly married not to mention a reasonably intimate facsimile thereof—all this time? Jim's "Mission Impossible" brother, PETER GRAVES, not unthickening the plot as he parties our wedding query with, "Maybe they've been married for 10 years?" Peter then added—in lieu of biting his tongue—"I hope he does marry her. She's a good looking girl. It would be nice to keep her in the family."

NEW FROM PEYTON'S PLACE—STEVE PEYTON getting bolder & bolder about those rehearsal sessions with his "Dan Of Shadows" co-star AMY ECCLES, the same Amy who plays DUSTIN HOFFMAN's squeeze in "Little Big Man" & the same Amy whose undarned chazzis adorns a recent "Playboy." So does that mean—or about to mean—that CLAUDINE LONGET's Steve Peyton phase has run its tempestuous course? And would that, in turn, mean that



announced's telling pal Jimmy Stewart: he'll be spending more time with his family now that he's retiring from show biz. But Jimmy hasn't time to take it easy 'cause his new "Family Plan" debuts this fall.

Claudine & ANDY WILLIAMS might start up housekeeping again, even though Andy's put the house that sadness bilked off the market?

5 CRADLE ROCKING ALONG—NANCY SINATRA SR. (looking terrific!) on her babies, NANCY JR. & TINA—"I'll be the first to know, but I've had no word yet." The assurance covering two critical contingencies—a wedding date for Tina & BOB WAGNER and a start date for Nancy Jr. & her HUGH LAMBERT. . . . Forget the rabbit test, folks. Comes now the hot seat reading. At CAROL BURNETT'S bistro frolic for MIKE DOUGLAS, Carol, upon joining us at our table, was informed she was inhabiting the very chair vacated seconds earlier by husband & producer JOE HAMILTON, cried, "My God! I'm preg-

nant." When we mentioned the incident a few minutes later to Hamilton, already the father of 11, three by Carol, Joe, not one whit nonplussed, footlocked, "Maybe she is. . . . & BOB NEWHART, present with his encelalte missus, hoped Carol's party was a good luck charm so his third would come up a girl. Buttonholing Bob backstage at the Grammy Awards a fortnight later, sharing a dressing room with DUKE WAYNE & GLEN CAMPBELL, Wayne thundered, "What did you name the baby, Bob?" Bob, the Burnett spell having granted his fondest wish, beamed "NENIFER."

6 STILL MORE BABY TALK—Newlywed TONY FRANCIOSA & RITA THIEL (married in November, expecting in May) are musing moviemaking in Rome (Tony's sick, "Alien") with a belated honeymoon. The couple's trip—accompanied by their two year old son, Christopher, born of the three year non-marriage that preceded the wedding—added up, no matter how you compute, to happiness Hollywood style. And even, even if Rita pops back stateside first, Tony is bound & determined to be back in time for the natural birth Rita's booked. Tony secretly attended classes with Rita so he could qualify to be present in the delivery room when the doctor spanks his newborn on the sit-

ting side. . . . BRIDGET HANLEY & E. W. SWACKHEIMER, who directed her in "Here Comes The Bride" before he made her his own bride, have had their first—baby, stupid, not quarrel. So instead of naming the infant Donny brook they decided to call her BRONWYN.

WILL THE REAL HENRY KISSINGER straighten up & fly right? Naughty, naughty the way Presidential aide Henry Kissinger chickened out on his date with RUTA LEE. You remember Ruta. Once used to date FRANK SINATRA. Instead of following through with Ruta, Kissinger patched things up with girl friend JILL ST. JOHN. You remember Jill. Once used to date Frank Sinatra. The usual Kissinger "modus operandi." Kissinger reneged on his promise because Jill relented on whatever it was that made her declare him a temporary security risk. Could it have been ANGEL TOMPKINS, or Kissinger's other brains & beauty parlor, JOANNA BARNES? Joanna advertised—through her p.o., no less—her plans to join up with Kissy during her upcoming tour of the east to plug "B.S. I Love You." Could it be that NIXON has in Henry K. the first scatterbrained-truster in White House history? Or is it that HK's secret wish is to be Frank Sinatra?

& SPEAKING OF SINATRA, FOLKS—GLEN CAMPBELL lets it drop that he rents Frank's private jet to fly to & from his Tahoe warbling shacks. . . . Sinatra holding to his vow to ban Las Vegas—even passing up the Vegas funeral services for his old buddy, JACK ENTRATTER, entertainment director of the Sands. . . . & Frank's classy daughter, NANCY JR., classed up the Grammys with her great line, "My dad would have been here tonight—but he didn't want to come." PAUL McCARTNEY did make it in sneakers yet—a real HOWARD HUGHES, thus flabbergassing the whole town. But he promptly canceled out some of the goodwill by badmouthing the Grammy show in the press tent after scooping up a Grammy for "Let It Be" and telling the lensers to bug off.

& NOW A ROUND OF SIMON SAYS—Bearded mustachioed PAUL SIMON, biggest Grammy grabber of them all—at the press tent outside the Hollywood Palladium bundled down with his share of the trophies he & ART GARFUNKEL monopolized for their great "Bridge Over Troubled Water"—had the mumbles in his Grammy gathering tips to

the lectern until he finally eked out his thanks the last time around. But Simon assured us he was not unmoved by the tribal honors that blew his way like confetti. "I meant thank you. I'm happy to win. It's nice to win. As you can imagine, I feel very pleased, but I am not given to being visually emotional. But I'm very happy. You can believe me." Ask me to believe & I believe. Yet for a while there it did look like Simon was acting like the GEORGE C. SCOTT of the disc world. The George Scott who keeps acting as if Oscars are some kind of communicable disease & who keeps refusing them before they can be offered is which George Scott. Obviously Simon is identifying with Scott. "Well, I can understand why Scott said that. Awards have a place in someone's life if you want them. If you don't, it's perfectly all right. It's only a symbol. You can accept it and be gracious, or not accept it. It's not important. I think he's perfectly right if he doesn't want to accept his awards. . . . He's a very talented man & he's a very bright man. I can understand what he did & here I am doing what I did. . . . I'm not embarrassed.



Brigitte Bardot gives beau Pat Gilles an enthusiastic hug upon learning that new statue of French symbol "Marianne" looks like her!



Veronica Lake, whose hairdo was a national lad in the '40s, has been busy since her autobiography hit the book stores. When she's not making promotional appearances, Veronica's guesting on TV talk shows.

I'm very proud." Well, then, are all those mother lovin' Grammies going to stir his creative juices & hotter his career? "Awards are not an incentive to create. You create or you write because that's the kind of person you are. I don't think it can have any effect on my career. In fact, I never think about my career. It's just nice to have somebody say they thought your song was good & I'm happy they did."

BY COLUMN OF TWOS—DONALD SUTHERLAND translates he & his SHIRLEY are not unatching as so persistently rumored and denied—monosyllabically and vehemently—that he & JANE FONDA are triangling around romantically while playing the anti-war circuit. Sutherland impeaching the splitup talk by chortling over a trade column

item that portrayed him & Shirley puffing while still sharing their Malibu pad when what they were (and are?) still sharing was *ba?* their Beverly Hills pad—Donald & Shirley not having & never having had a Malibu pad. So living in Beverly Hills makes them divorce proof? . . . PEGGY LIPTON, her Adlerian period over (LOU ADLER is which Adlerian period), is seeing young ABC exec BARRY DILLER when he's not seeing ex-ABC star MARLO THOMAS, when Marlo's not marking time with TED BESSELL, whom she's not boom-cranging to Screen Gems' LEN GOLDBERG. . . . Marlo's sister, TERRE, is happy as can be with her LARRY GORDON. Larry confiding his pet picture is a composite photo of the two "T's"—Terre Thomas & TERRY THOMAS. Their baby, DIONNE, now 19 mos. & no reinforcements on the planning boards. Terre loyally defending Marlo's marriage dodging. "She's still looking for Mr. Right." . . . You shouldn't ask what goes on in those ultra private Tatami rooms at the Century Plaza Hotel's Yamato Restaurant. Like DEAN & JEANNE MARTIN. Only Dano sneaked off there one night & Jeanne there another night—and not together, alas . . . CARY GRANT & DYAN CANNON were there, doubtless to rap about all they have left in common—the baby . . . DON & BETTY / please turn the page

# STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL

Continued

MURRAY giving it the old college try again—Betty long past listening to the sound of distant Taxman calls from RON ELY. . . . PETER HASKELL & his ANN are taking the long way back from Australia, the better to do some country-hopping before movie dodging to Canada for his lecture flick, "Faceoff" . . . DON MITCHELL, his divorce final, verging on new entanglements with JUDY PACE, whose heart—till now—has been yo-yoing back to baseball's CURT FLOOD. . . . Rinse pure BETTY WHITE confessed: "I sleep with my producer." Her husband, ALLEN LUDDEN, tubeward bound again in ABC's revival of "Password."

CONSOLATION TIP to LEIGH TAYLOR-YOUNG: Don't you worry, dear. If BARBRA STREISAND's true to pattern—and why should she be an exception?—you'll have RYAN O'NEAL back soon enough, & probably none the worse for wear & tear. Barbra's not one for automated enthusiasm & no one knows it better than she. "I was very interested in *Zen*—until I lost the book," says BS with her unspiring gift of insight. "I was the same with *Dolla*. I have a short attention span." So, judging from his peripatetic track record, does Ryan. . . . ANNE BAXTER's most lasting preoccupation of late—writer DICK LINKROUM, erstwhile spouse of JANE KEAN. . . . JOHNNY CASSAVETES, who worked so hard whooping it up for "Husbands" in his odd coupling p.a.'s with PETER FALK, is privately teed off at Columbia because of the picture's failure to draw a single Oscar nomination. Gripe is that Columbia put all its electoneering eggs in one basket—to hatch Oscar opportunities for JACK NICHOLSON & "Five Easy Pieces"—reminding us that JEANNIE C. RILEY indomitably turned down a part in "Five Easy Pieces" on grounds that it was shockingly off color. Same part that's been earning all those bubbles for KAREN BLACK. . . . & talking of pieces, Mrs. JC, GENA ROWLANDS, works in a museum in their current Universal flick, "Mizzi & Mascowitz," making Gena—what else?—a museum piece. . . . JO ANNE WORLEY, night clubbing if now that she's been liberated from "Laugh In," laughing it up with boyfriend ROGER PERRY—two to watch.

GAIL FISHER of "Mannix," trying out his drollery on BILL COSEY at the CANNON-BALL ADDERLEY opening in the Hong Kong Room, "I'm going to Ghana to see some of your people". . . . Aftershock & vox from the big earthquake—still epicentering at Hollywood parties—one guest recalled how wrong the quake monitors were in expecting it to be the famous (notorious?) San Andreas fault that shook things up. San Andreas, cleared of all complicity, meekly said the morning after, "It wasn't my fault". . . . Come MARTY ALLEN tore himself away from JIMMY STEWART & LUCILLE BALL to tell us what happened when his Bewhile pod wobbled like a cork on angry water. "Did you hear the earthquake?" wife FRENCHY trembled. "No," Marty retorted, "but I think I hear someone singing outside the house." "Someone singing?" Frenchy echoed incredulously. "Yeah," Marty nodded, "and if it's JEANNETTE MacDONALD singing 'San Francisco', we're taking the next plane to New York" . . . An earthquake may not be a laughing matter, but as some wise man said, as Dean Martin was sneaking out a backdoor of the Candy Store, "Life's a dangerous



A streamlined Liz Taylor, who's joined the HotPants set, purchased a \$80,000 home in England for son Michael & his pregnant wife.



As Ethel Kennedy watches, pal Andy Williams congratulates Teddy on wife Joan's piano version of "Love Story," which she played on show.

game at best. Nobody gets out of it alive."

& NOW AS TIME & TYPE WILL ALLOW—VIKKI CARR to the doc to see why her inter-marriage with DANN MOSS hasn't been working—boywise. The medic's RX—more homework, less roadwork. That determined she is to have her first little one after five years of childless matrimony. . . . JOAN

STALEY tipped by her o.b. to expect twins by her producer husband DALE SHEETS. A son would be welcome considering that she & Dale already have a daughter, & Dale's got six girls by previous wedlock. VERA MILES' 18-year-old daughter, KELLY, a divorcee after 10 months of marriage. Kelly already off on a new love—some writing. Sold six melodies to Four Star Records. Vera likewise button-popping over daughter DEBBIE (21, married two years & to the same guy) during the valediction bit at the grad ceremonies of her nursing school in San Fernando Valley. . . . Vera finally wrapped the property settlement with KEITH LARSEN as she can pick up the scuttled divorce papers. Vera seeing more & more of DOROTHY KINGSLEY's screenwriting son, TERRY KINGSLEY. Vera back from a placid weekend with Terry & brother DENNIS DURNEY at their mom's high society San Francisco Town House (papa is DICK DURNEY of Carnation seafood).

Sounds in the Hollywood Nite: "Don't think I've been deliberately neglecting you. I've been neglecting everybody."

# QT TANS IN 3 TO 5 HRS. NO MATTER WHAT

Use QT tonight. Be tan tomorrow. Try QT before bed and you can wake up with a beautiful tan. A whole week's worth of tan overnight. Because QT gives you a real tan in just 3 to 5 hours no matter what. ▼



QT makes the imperfect tan perfect. Take strap marks like these for example. Apply QT to strap marks and they begin to disappear, to blend into your own tan. Because QT gives you or any part of you a *real* tan in just 3 to 5 hours with or without the sun. ▼



▲ QT. When it rains, it tans. QT by Coppertone gives you a real tan. Any time, anyplace, come clouds or rain or hurricane. You tan in 3 to 5 hours no matter what. And if QT can give you a great tan without the sun, imagine what it can do with the sun. Helps prevent sunburn, too.



▲ QT makes high price hose obsolete. Tired of spending your money on high price hose that keep you hot all summer? With QT your legs can have a beautiful tan in just 3 to 5 hours with or without the sun. A real tan that can do more for your legs than the most expensive hose.



QT tans in 3 to 5 hours no matter what. With the sun QT will tan you faster than any ordinary suntan lotion. QT gives you a week's worth of tan in 3 to 5 hrs. QT lotion and in new easy to apply aerosol foam.

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# WHY LUCILLE BALL'S SON IS SO BITTER ABOUT HIS OWN MOTHER



When Lucy revamped her TV show, it was a family affair again, costarring real-life kids Lucie & Desi Jr. Though mom & Lucy . . .

"I know," says Desi Arnaz Jr., "I'm wide open to the charge that anybody who grew up in a Beverly Hills mansion surrounded by servants and public adulation is pretty far removed from other people's problems . . . but I've paid my own way. . . ."

If suffering is acceptable as legal tender, Desi has indeed paid his own way—and the price has been high. At 18, handsome, talented and with a career already well under way, he is a bitterly angry young man, who explodes with a volatile mixture of love and hate for the people closest to him.

It is only recently that the public



are still close (below), acting and "double-dating" (Lucy & hubby Gary, Lucie & fiancé Phil), Desi is now out of the picture.

has become aware of the smoldering tension between Desi and his mother, Lucille Ball. Their differences were brought into the open by what one might call *l'affaire Duke*—the whole sad business of Patty Duke's claim that Desi was the father of her baby. Desi's refusal either to confirm or deny paternity and the well-substantiated reports that Lucille had read her son the Riot Act and then forbidden him (he was still under age) to marry Patty. Desi had reason to be bitter about his mother's attitude; it seemed that she was willing to concede that he / *please turn to page 72*

# Shirley Jones: “I used the wrong kind of love to woo David Cassidy.”



The relationship between Shirley Jones and her stepson, David Cassidy, doesn't figure. The love they share for each other is unique and so obvious that there are many in show business who refuse to believe it is real. The more heartless of the hardened Hollywood gossips have desperately attempted to find a flaw in that happy picture of devoted stepmother and loving stepson. The rumormongers have, for the most part, wilted beneath the strain of their attempts to shatter the image.

It all seems to be a bit too good to be true. Shirley's friendship with David, for instance, is evidently big enough to bridge the generation gap that exists between so many natural mothers and sons, even though almost 20 years separate Shirley and the young Cassidy. Then there's the added /please turn to page 100

# THE REAL REASON RYAN O' NEAL WAS SENT AWAY TO JAIL



Ryan O'Neal doesn't look like a man who's done time.

The candid blue eyes, the open features, the wavy blond-red hair, the athletic boy-next-door physique do not betray the fact that their owner has known what it is to be arrested, fingerprinted, mug-shot, given a suit of denims and locked into a barred and barren cell.

Yet Ryan O'Neal has known all these things. He experienced them during the 51 days and nights he spent locked in a California jail cell.

The truth about Ryan's imprisonment is one of the best-kept secrets of Hollywood's last decade. It can be told now only because Ryan himself has decided to reveal it.

He might have confessed it years ago when he began to attract attention as a promising young star, first on TV's "Empire" series and then on "Peyton Place." Reporters who interviewed Ryan then found him friendly, outgoing and open—ready to answer any and all questions. But nobody asked him if he had a prison record—why should they? And Ryan didn't go out of his way to mention it.

Nevertheless Ryan's candid chatter about himself did sometimes skirt the edges of revelation. And so his studio bosses took out some insurance. Suddenly two studio press agents were present every time Ryan was interviewed. Their instructions were to make sure that Ryan said nothing to distort the image he was creating on television, that of a youngster who was manly but gentle, handsome but unassuming, strong but innocent—the kind of boy every mother prayed her daughter would find.

A boy like that doesn't have his name on a police blotter. So Ryan, who always was a quick study and

who desperately wanted a career, kept silent. In his subsequent interviews, he remembers now, he favored "justice for all" and opposed "man-eating piranhas in swimming pools." Still, he didn't lie. Nobody asked, and he merely didn't volunteer to tell.

And after all, why should he have? It was not a pretty story or even the kind that brings a sympathetic tear to the eye. It was just unpleasant and unfortunate. It was the story of a boy who had grown up liking to brawl—liking it too much and indulging his liking once too often. He didn't have the alibi of being poor and having to fight or of being raised in a ghetto where fighting was a way of life; Ryan was the well-brought-up son of successful middle-class parents (his mother was an accomplished actress, his father a screenwriter with impressive credits), but by some quirk of fate, Ryan never assimilated the standard middle-class values. By the time he reached high school, Ryan recently admitted, "I knew life was a kick, a fun time. And part of the fun, I guess, was getting into fights."

To fight more than occasionally you had to hang around with a crowd who dug violence. Ryan found his buddies among beach bums, surfers, motorcycle gangs. They rode, they sunned, they tangled with each other and with strangers and they got into trouble. Ryan, maybe because he was a better fighter than most, was apt to do more damage to his opponents and thus get into more trouble than most. After one fight the police hauled him in, not for disturbing the peace or disorderly conduct, but on the serious charge of assault and battery.

That time Ryan was lucky. He was a kid, still in high school, and the authorities /please turn to page 102





# Mod Squad: Four Loners Make A Lovely Team

■ It was a new series, starring a pretty, pampered girl from a wealthy Long Island family, a guy who'd worked at everything from bartender to bookstore clerk, a black cat out of Harlem and a guy who had "cop" written all over his face.

After a few episodes it was obvious that *Mod Squad* was going to be a success. Now everyone just sat around and waited for the fireworks to begin. After all, they said, Michael Cole, a kid who'd left home at an early age to farm himself out around the country in various odd jobs, had this hostility, facing every new situation with a scowl and a jaundiced eye.

And Clarence Williams, well, he'd had the embittering experience of growing up in New York's most famous black ghetto and had been / please turn the page



Four loners who tend to steer clear of the frenetic Hollywood scene, Clarence, Tige, Mike and Peggy have found a lot to like in each other, at work and at play.



bounced on and off Broadway in flop shows, never quite finding a continuing outlet for his talent. Their experiences didn't square with the young girl, who'd had the freedom to sample the hippie beach life in California's sun and who was now into things occult. And none of it matched up with the experience of Tige Andrews, who was a bit older than the kids, and had a wife and a houseful of children.

But Hollywood gossipmongers were in for a disappointment. All the waiting was in vain. As the show climbs into

its fourth season this fall, there hasn't been a single rumble of discontent among the featured players. Oh, sure, there were a few tense moments last fall when all the regulars but Michael Cole held out for a salary increase and bigger residuals, but that was strictly a management-worker tussle, nothing personal among the actors themselves. All four regulars, strictly individualists, had found a magic formula for working together . . . causing even grim-looking Michael Cole to crack a broad smile! ■



There is no generation gap between Tige & the younger regulars. He & Mike share community projects, & Peggy says, "I'm always going to him with some problem."



# THE NIGHT BILL COSBY WENT OUT TO KILL

Bill Cosby's mother turned at the sound of the opening door. "Who could that be?" she asked her son, Russ, who was four years younger than Bill.

"Sounds like Bill," Russ said, puzzled.

"It does," Mrs. Cosby nodded. "But it couldn't be Bill. He's at the club working."

There was a rhythm to the Cosby home and an order. This was no time for someone to be coming through their door without knocking. All but one of the Cosbys were present. The missing one was accounted for, and not due back until two o'clock in the morning. So who could it be at this time of night?

The door swung wide and in strode Bill.

"What you doing here, Bill?" Mrs. Cosby cried, half startled, half relieved. "I thought you were working."

"I am, Mom."

"Then how come you're not on stage doing your show?"

"Something came up, Mom. /please turn to page 20



# THE NOW TOMORROW

truth about

## By John J. Miller

With this issue, MOTION PICTURE inaugurates a special monthly supplement, TRUTH-NOW-about-TOMORROW. TNT is a new concept designed to meet the challenge of reporting the latest news and provocative cultural developments that are relevant to you. Its purpose is to supply You, The Reader, with a wide scope of information about the fast-changing world in which you live. TNT marks a radical expansion of the coverage MP has always given you.

Although this new section was conceived and written by JJM and published exclusively in MP, it belongs to its readers. You are its true owner, its managing editor, its only real boss. You are also the most important "celebrity." Webster defines "celebrity" as "one who is widely publicized, much discussed, known everywhere." That definition certainly fits You, The Public, better than it does any superstar.

All the fact and fantasy of the film world is simply the touched-up reflection of that which you have created in your own image. When flashed on the silver screen the images may be larger than their lifesize counterparts, but only in actual dimension—not in scope or stature. The motion picture industry depends on you—your likes and dislikes, passions and pretenses—for its comedies and tragedies. TNT, like the film industry, also depends on you and awaits any and every assignment you command. As the boss, all you have to do is write TNT and tell me what you want to know, what you want done and what you want to tell the rest of the world.

Remember, boss—silence is not golden when a guy's trying to do a job for you! Oh, and by the way, boss, I might as well tell you in front—we won't always agree about everything. Don't wait

until you've cooled off about any gripe. Let me have it right away, while you're still hot under the collar. And don't be a miser with compliments, either. I work harder when I've got that feeling of being wanted. Now, boss, if you want to expound, expose or just plain explode—just tell me. That's what TNT is all about!

### Peanuts, Popcorn & People Pollution

JOANNE WOODWARD tells intimates and interviewers alike that we all must stop polluting the world with people. Mrs. Paul Newman is adamant in voicing her fears for the future of the world if people continue to add to the population. Miss Woodward has not only told hubby Newman that they cannot have another child, "even by accident," but Joanne's informed her children that they should never have any children of their own! Mrs. Newman has become so hung up on the people-pollution problem that she's seriously considering total retirement from the screen to devote herself to enlightening others about the overpopulation explosion. Joanne's misery about population-multiplication may sound a teeny bit more melodramatic than most of her movie plots, but before you size up her sincerity on this subject, let's first fly (through the magic of TNT-in-MP) to the other side of the world—to Karachi, Pakistan.

The city engineers in Karachi were more than mildly embarrassed a few months ago when the brand-new ultra-modern sewer system they had just installed at the beginning of this year stopped functioning. The system, designed in and imported from the good old reliable USA at great expense to the Government of Pakistan, was supposed to be better than the sewer system in New York City, where some of the sewers have been serving the needs of America's largest metropolis for more than 75 years.

When the Karachi engineers probed the problem, they were confronted with the shocking illustration of a far worse problem. The sewer system had become clogged with the bodies of countless babies! The newborn infants had been thrown away like unwanted garbage by the already child-burdened mothers and fathers of Pakistan's modern city. Pakistan, equal in / please turn the page



Joanne  
Woodward  
&  
Paul  
Newman



CONTINUED

area to the states of Texas and Arkansas combined, had its last census in 1969, and, though admittedly underestimated, the nation's population at that time exceeded 132 million people (about 10 times the combined populations of Texas and Arkansas)!

VANESSA REDGRAVE's deeply depressed after suffering a miscarriage. The rebel-Redgrave blames her losing the baby on herself—specifically on physically exerting herself during political demonstrations against "the US military invasion of Cambodia and Laos." Aside from picketing and marching for hours a few days before the miscarriage, Vanessa also got into a brief but violent sidewalk tussle with a policeman who'd allegedly given her a push to keep up her pace with the rest of the marchers.

The REV. RALPH DAVID ABERNATHY, who succeeded the late Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. as president of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, almost fell flat on his face when he got the surprising flash from his wife, JUANITA, that they would be increasing the mom-&population this summer . . . TONY FRANCISDA and his bride, RITA THIEL, will give birth to their second infant shortly before their first wedding anniversary.

#### The Medical Misfits

SEN. EDWARD M. KENNEDY wants the American Hospital Association to keep an eye on the quality of medical staffs and particularly the doctors who supervise the treatment patients receive when hospitalized. Sen. Kennedy is calling for "a meaningful audit of professional personnel" by the MDs themselves, or else, he hints, he may be forced to consider a Senate investigation into the medical programs of the nation's hospitals! The MDs are more than annoyed about Kennedy's insinuations—as a matter of fact, it's safe to say that the doctors are downright sick of Ted at this point!

The University of California's psychiatry department has been doing research on doctors' drug habits, and DR. JOHN KRAMER, who headed the long investigation, has come up with a startling set of statistics. The doctor's findings reveal that it's safe to assume that about one out of every 50 doctors in America today is addicted to an opiate derivative, either psychologically or physically dependent on the drug!

Statistics for the US again reveal that the profession most prone to committing suicide is the medical profession—and a breakdown of all medical-suicide categories shows that the psychiatrist is most apt to find self-destruction the only exit from his troubled world!

#### TNT's Torrid Topic Of The Month

The dangers of drug use and abuse have been explained and explored in depth—and even exploited by a few greedy members of the nation's news media—to such a degree that just about everyone, without regard to race, creed or generation gap, has developed an addiction to the topic. Discussing the use of illicit narcotics is both advisable and admirable—but only if you know what you are talking about! Unfortunately many of the loudest talkers on this topic do not have sufficient knowledge even to ask intelligent questions about the drug hazard. Ignorance and personal opinion have all too often replaced authentic factual information. Misinformation is as easy to obtain as the very drugs discussed by these overnight experts and the few profit-minded prophets who pretend to be professionals. Adding to the barrage of misleading misinformation are those celebrated personalities whose fame gives credibility to whatever absurdities they utter.

TNT talked to a few of the famous and a few of the accredited authorities—less famed, but prominent researchers of the drug scene. TNT's minisurvey found members of both sets—the un-



Sen. Edward M. Kennedy

trained rebels and the dedicated experts—in wide disagreement in their opinions and conclusions. For instance:

NANCY SINATRA JR.: "Drugs are glorified by the immature . . . (but) nobody ever died from too many martinis!"

MIA FARROW: "People who smoke cigarettes get cancer—kill themselves—and the Government doesn't put them in jail. Alcoholics ruin their lives and their families' future. They kill themselves with a bottle. Yet a kid who smokes flowers is thrown in jail and, healthy or not, his life is ruined. It's ridiculous!"

The director of the Massachusetts Mental Health Center, DR.

LESTER GRINSPON, has delved into marijuana research for several years for studies at both the Mental Health Center and Harvard University. He says that pot "is much less dangerous than tobacco or liquor." The Mental Health Center director was so astonished at how "harmless" marijuana really is, according to his findings, that he's written a book, "Marijuana Reconsidered," which should be in your favorite bookstores by the time you leave on summer vacation.

JANE FONDA: "I'm not sure I trust people who don't smoke grass!"



Jane Fonda

A doctor overseeing much of the narcotics research being conducted now at the Drug Addiction Service at Beth Israel Medical Center in New York City told TNT that heroin was by far the worst drug in use today, but warned that the large variety of stimulants containing amphetamines, used to overcome depression, skip sleep and crash-diet, are rapidly reaching a level of self-destruction that rivals even heroin addiction. The Drug Unit at Beth Israel is probing what appears to be the newest side effect of amphetamine abuse—temporarily called The Amphetamine Psychosis—which is a severe disorganization of the individual's mental processes, disturbing memory, creating a persecution fear that causes him to suspect everyone of plotting to destroy him in some way, including even his own family.

The Child Study Association of America, at 9 East 89th Street in New York City, fears that the widespread publicity the "drug culture" has been receiving from the national news media may be creating a dangerous backlash in that many impressionable young children have been "seduced by the idea of a drug culture," thinking that it can be a form of "instant recognition" with their friends. The Child Study Association specialists warn all parents to educate themselves as well as their children. Parents must "avoid preconceived notions" about drugs and "must listen" to their children and not just do all the talking and telling. The Association's medical and psychiatric specialists have compiled

at least six books (sold at most bookstores) dealing with the problems faced by both parent and child in the vast area of narcotics.

PETER FONDA says, "Drugs help sensitize people . . . break out of their prejudices . . . feel humanity and realize we are all brothers under the skin."

BILL CDSBY told us: "The people who suffer most from drugs are the young and the black." Cosby said that education and "reaching out a helping hand" to every person who gets hooked is urgent. Cosby insists the pushers can be put out of business if we all "become responsive to the needs" of the drug user. Otherwise, he warned, "The problem will increase!"

TNT learned exclusively that a shocking report will be released in June by the American Medical Association, stating that females who've been pot smokers for any substantial duration face enormous odds of giving birth to children with "mental deficiencies" and a wide variety of physical "defects"—even if the female does not puff pot during the period of her pregnancy. The AMA's president, WESLEY HALL, doesn't mince words about marijuana. Dr. Hall states emphatically, "Marijuana is a dangerous drug!"

DR. MICHAEL BROWN, a medical researcher and professor of political science at the University of California at San Diego, has just sent a report of his three-year investigation of drug use by teenagers at seven Los Angeles high schools to the American Association of School Administrators. According to Dr. Brown's findings, all you worried parents can heave a sigh of relief because the big drug craze is practically a "faded" fad of the past. Dr. Brown's report to the national school board reveals that teenagers "are turning away from drugs"—and replacing narcotics use with "group sex for sheer sensual pleasure."

#### NEXTIME in TNT

TNT will feature, among many other things, a personality profile on the private life of Attorney General John Mitchell's wife, MARTHA MITCHELL.

Tell TNT what you want it to tell you! Write to: TNT, c/o Motion Picture Magazine, 205 E. 42nd St., New York, NY 10017.



Vanessa Redgrave

# WORKING WITH DORIS DAY IS ENOUGH TO KILL YOU!

and series regular Billy DeWolfe has the scars to prove it



The Billy DeWolfe (left) finds working with Doris Day a pleasure, he's also the first to admit that there were times he didn't think he'd live through the season!



■ Doris Day gave series regular Billy DeWolfe a shirt with a purple heart on it recently—and with good reason! The Purple Heart, of course, is a medal awarded by the armed services for wounds sustained in action. And Billy sustained a number of those while working with the blonde star on CBS-TV's "Doris Day Show." In fact, you could just about say that Doris nearly killed him—on more than one occasion!

Billy had the shirt specially made for him, Billy revealed during a luncheon at the Brown Derby. And at the end of his most recent appearance on her show, he recalled, "They presented it to me, all gift-wrapped, because I actually broke my toe on that show."

Billy explained, "It happened when Doris was hiding behind draperies and I was standing there saying, 'Come out, come out, whoever you are!' I was playing / please turn to page 96



Glen also concedes that he has a stomach condition called "gastritis" which he casually shrugs off as nothing more than "a bad stomach ache."

Now, gastritis can mean many things. For instance, Campbell's own summary, calling his ailment a bad stomach ache, is the absolute simplest explanation that can be given. The label gastritis is also applied to anything from a case of indigestion to a chronic ulcer, or break in the lining of the stomach or intestinal tract.

Some of Glen's closest friends, who were kept in the dark about the mysterious rush to get the singer into a hospital as fast as possible, don't go along with Campbell's simple stomach-ache story. They point out that Glen had been suffering serious internal pain for some months before the race to the emergency ward. They know that Glen's doctors had been suggesting that he undergo an extensive hospital checkup for several months, but that the singer had ignored them.

At first it was denied that the singer was even a patient at the hospital, and even now none of the hospital officials is willing to be quoted on the subject of Campbell's mysterious ailment. Many in Hollywood swear that Campbell was felled by a heart attack—but Glen denies this.

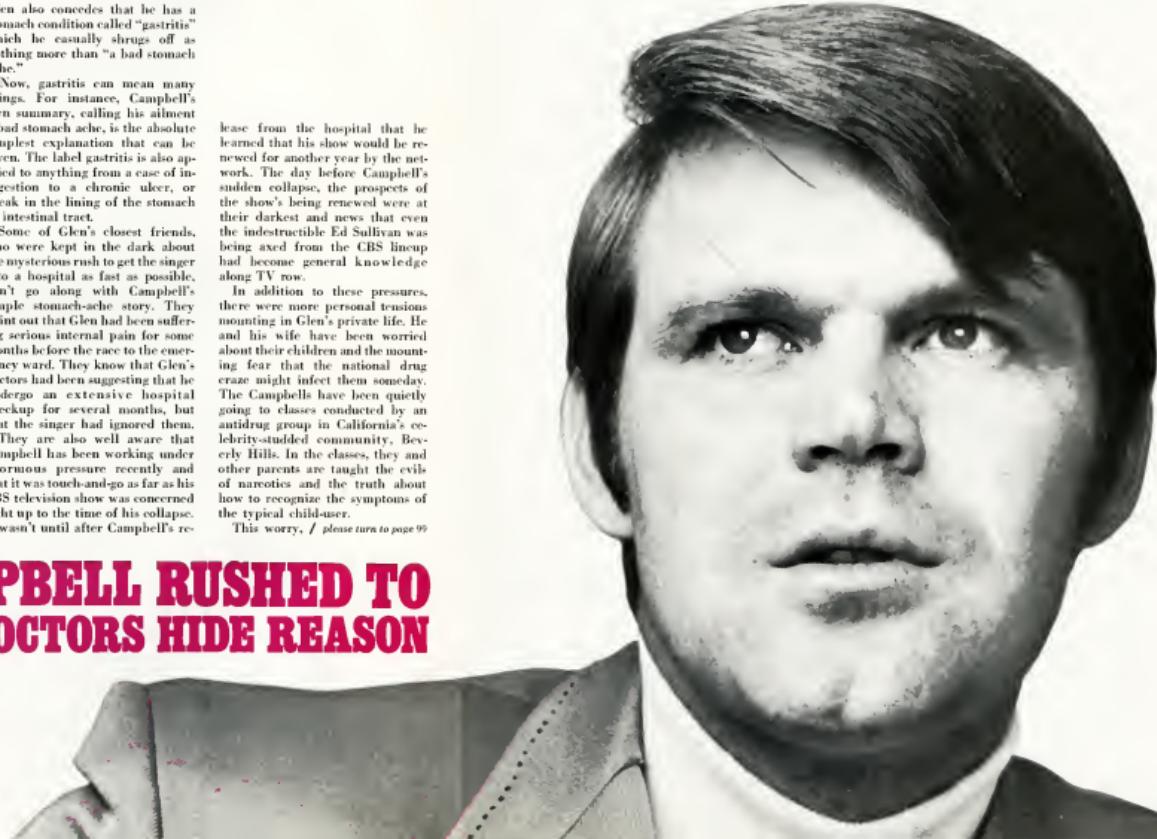
The song star admits that he was in the hospital for "some time" and doesn't deny that he was an emergency admission listed in "serious condition" for more than 24 hours.

lease from the hospital that he learned that his show would be renewed for another year by the network. The day before Campbell's sudden collapse, the prospects of the show's being renewed were at their darkest and news that even the indestructible Ed Sullivan was being axed from the CBS lineup had become general knowledge along TV row.

In addition to these pressures, there were more personal tensions mounting in Glen's private life. He and his wife have been worried about their children and the mounting fear that the national drug craze might infect them someday. The Campbells have been quietly going to classes conducted by an antidrug group in California's celebrity-studded community, Beverly Hills. In the classes, they and other parents are taught the evils of narcotics and the truth about how to recognize the symptoms of the typical child-user.

This worry, / please turn to page 95

## GLEN CAMPBELL RUSHED TO HOSPITAL! DOCTORS HIDE REASON





# Barbra Streisand watch out... Sophia's Singing Row!

■ Sophia Loren could just stand there, in all her glory, and still be considered Italy's greatest gift to the world, but she's done much more. At 36 she's already a beauty contest winner-turned-model-turned-actress. And she got that fabulous figure from eating her own cooking! And she's not selfish—she's putting her culinary secrets into a soon-to-be-published cookbook.

All this and a devoted husband and son might be more than most mortals could wish, but the divine and fearless Loren has launched yet another career—as a singer!

Sophia's version of "Anyone," one of the songs from *The Priest's Wife*—the film that caused much controversy in Italy—is touching and sure to be a big success.





*Sophia's vocal gambit began with her latest film, *The Priest's Wife*, in which she portrays a suicidal female pop singer who falls in love with a priest (played by fellow countryman Marcello Mastroianni). Since her role required her to sing, Sophia thought it would be fun to cut an album of the score. She soon found the quiet of the recording studio quite different from the hustle and bustle of a movie set. Minus the reactions of an audience to give her encouragement, Sophia found it difficult to give it her "all."*

*"Singing in an empty hall," she says, "is like speaking without hearing one's own voice. There is always the danger of either overdoing the expression or of the tones being too flat."*

*So, hubby Carlo Ponti came along to make sure every tone came out pear-shaped.* ■

*New at the recording business, Sophia was nervous until hubby Carlo Ponti, who produced *The Priest's Wife*, arrived to put his seal of approval on Sophia's vocalizing.*

# Hollywood Star-o-sopes

This month we focus on those born under the sign of Gemini, the Twins, May 21 through June 21. See what you have in common with the stars who share your sign!

**Famous Geminis:**  
Peggy Lee ★ Richard Boone ★  
James Arness ★ Dean Martin ★  
Rosalind Russell ★ Tom Jones ★  
Jane Russell ★ Bob Hope ★

By Jack Bradford

You always-on-the-go Geminis won't be surprising anyone this year. Your wanderlust will be stronger than ever with more important traveling during the next 12 months. Plans may fall through a couple of times, but that never daunts the Gemini-born. On the third try you'll be on your way. The sudden desire for a longer trip, which may be new for some, will be based on some unexpected financial windfall.

After a few disappointments on the home front, or with a partner, there will be clear sailing for Geminis this year. Income could definitely be raised due to a possible surprise at work, possibly a promotion.

Your own personal world may not be free of complications, which may cause you to be more than your usual critical self. Above all, be aware of the many possible argumentative situations you'll be finding yourself involved with. If you can avoid those disruptive encounters and can focus on your love life, you'll realize you've never had it so good, whether married or single.

You will find yourself spending beyond your budget. Nothing new there, but be watchful of investments or anything of a speculative nature this year.

The racing mind of the Gemini will come up with more than its usual quota of bright and unique ideas, especially in financial af-



fairs, but you must check out their practicality.

For Gemini born June 18, 19, 20 and 21st, who may still feel under pressure, know that you'll be out from under it by the first week of October "if" you've done your part in trying to put order back into your life. By October, you will have finished rough seven- and 14-year cycles, the likes of which you'll never have to live through again.

Happy traveling!

There's got to be something quirky about Pat Boone! Don't get us wrong—there are a great many wonderful and wholesome qualities in Pat Boone, born June 1 in Jacksonville, Florida. Morally, he's just as stable as you've been led to believe. He's a devoted family man who originally wouldn't kiss anyone but his wife, Shirley, when it came to his leading ladies in movies. He gained publicity based on the fact he didn't drink, smoke or gamble.

But that kind of thing could only last so long—about six movies in Pat's case. Says Pat: "Now I don't care if I play a derelict or a drug addict so long as the movie has a worthwhile message."

In the past eight or nine years, Pat has tried to change his / please turn to page 74

# Springtime!



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# BULLETIN BOARD

### Births

February 23: Actress Linda Harrison presented hubby Richard D. Zanuck, son of movie mogul Darryl, an 8-lb., 2-oz. baby boy at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital. Linda was a regular on the defunct *Bracken's World* TV series.

February 25: Academy Award-winning actress Patty Duke gave birth via Caesarean section to a son, whom she's named Sean Patrick Duke. Patty said she named her new son after her dad. The father of little Sean remains a mystery, however.

March 6: Comedian Bob Newhart and wife Virginia became the parents of a beautiful baby girl, who weighed 8 lbs., 2 ozs. at the time of her birth. The Newharts, who have two other children, Robert, 7, and Timothy, 4, will call their daughter Jennifer.

### Divorces

February 18: Singer-actor Burl Ives, 62, and his wife of 26 years, Helen, 34, were granted a divorce in Los Angeles Superior Court. The judge ordered Burl to pay monthly alimony of \$2,000. The Ives, who say they've been separated 15 years, have one son, Alexander, 21.

March 24: Beautiful British actress Samantha Eggar, 31, was granted a divorce from her actor-producer hubby Tom Stern, 37, on the grounds of "irreconcilable differences." Sam, who received custody of the couple's two children, Nicolas, 5, and Jenna-Louise, 3, will receive token alimony of \$1 annually for five years.

March 31: Comic Bob Denver, 35, star of TV's *Gilligan's Island*, obtained a divorce from his wife Jeanne. Married in 1967, they separated nine months later and had no children.

### Deaths

February 9: Toastmaster-actor Joe Quian, 54, died of a heart attack in California. His widow Pat and two daughters from a previous marriage survive him.

February 10: Stage and screen comedian Teddy Hart, 74, died in Los Angeles' Westside Hospital. Mr. Hart made his acting debut in 1917 in the play *Parlor, Bedroom and Bath*. A year later he was appearing on Broadway, in vaudeville, with James Cagney, who was then a dancer. Surviving are his wife, the former Dorothy Lubow, and a son, Loren.

February 21: A heart attack claimed the life of actress Nina Olivette, 63, who appeared with Bert Lahr in the 1928 musical *Hold Everything*. Miss Olivette was, in private life, the wife of musical-comedy actor Harry Stockwell, who is the father of actors Dean and Guy Stockwell.

February 23: Veteran character actor Mathew McHugh, 77, whose career dated back to the days of Mack Sennett, died of a heart attack. McHugh had appeared in more than 150 movies, including *The Glass Key*, *Barbary Coast* and *It Happened in Flushing*.

February 27: Producer Oscar Serlin, whose hit play *Life With Father* made him a millionaire, died at the age of 70 in his New York City home.

March 5: Stage and film actress of the '20s and '30s, Winnie Lightner, 71, died at her home in Sherman Oaks, California, of a heart attack. A popular performer in vaudeville and on the stage, Miss Lightner's biggest stage success was in George White's *Scandals*, 26. Her last movie was *Dancing Lady*, starring Joan Crawford and Clark Gable.

March 9: Eddie Miller, 80, a show-biz vet of 50 years, died in South Oaks Hospital in Amityville, Long Island.

March 12: Broadway actor David Burns, 68, died during a tryout of the new musical *70 Girls*, 70. In 1958 he won a Tony Award. See obit on opposite page.

March 16: Silent film star Bebe Daniels, 70, died of a cerebral hemorrhage in London. Miss Daniels was the wife of another screen great, Ben Lyon. See obit on opposite page.

## Life Was Good To Bebe Daniels



■ Bebe Daniels, star of silent films, talkies, British radio and TV, died of a cerebral hemorrhage in London on March 16. She was 70 years old.

Bebe began her career in 1915 at the age of 14, playing opposite Harold Lloyd in silent screen comedies. After four years with Lloyd, Bebe signed with C. B. DeMille, making movies like *Male And Female* and *Why Change Your Wife*, and starred opposite illustrious leading men like Rudolph Valentino, John Gilbert and Ben Lyon, whom she married in 1930. When talkies came in, and silent screen stars were out, Bebe Daniels survived, scoring with *Rio Rita*. In 1937, Ben and Bebe made London their home, and were decorated by the British and American governments.

Bebe Daniels' life was long, useful, glamorous and happy—and what more could she have asked? ■

## David Burns: Because He Could Not Stop For Death



■ David Burns, a talented dramatic and musical comedy star for over 50 years, collapsed and died March 14, at the age of 69, while performing on stage in the new musical *70, Girls, 70*.

For Burns, the stage was his life. He was born on Mott Street in New York City and began his career at an early age; his Broadway debut was *Polly Preferred* in 1923. A talented singer and dancer as well as actor and comedian, Burns starred in such long-run plays as *Hello, Dolly!* and *The Man Who Came To Dinner*, to name a few, and was a winner of Broadway's coveted Tony Award in 1958.

For a man who loved and contributed so much to the theater, perhaps it was fitting that David Burns' life ended where it began—on stage. ■



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Meet The Young Lawyers'  
Zalman King & his wife Pat...

# Even Their Marriage Is A Work Of Art



The Kings have surrounded themselves, & daughters Gillian (in arms) & Chloe, with art in their '30s-style home. Artist-friend Tony DeRosa did paintings in both pix, using Zalman & Pat as models below.



■ Anytime a person might be facing death, what is most important in his life becomes agonizingly clear. For Zalman King and his wife Pat, the first tremor of that gigantic February 9th earthquake brought the same thought to both of their minds: protecting their daughters Chloe, four, and Gillian, two. Zalman and Pat raced to the nearby bedroom of their daughters. Each one grabbed a child, comforted her and tried to remain calm until the



Though Zalman's the hit of the TV season, he contends that Pat's the real star of the family. An extremely talented sculptor, Pat has filled their home and gallery with lifesize stone portraits. In the very complex statue below, left, she has exaggerated Zalman's features to gargoyle proportions.



shaking stopped and the girls were quieted down.

"We were scared to death," Zalman relates, but his "wasn't everybody?" tone of voice makes it apparent that this was normal for anyone who experienced the quake.

"The damage we suffered was relatively light, although one of Pat's statues, a dragon worth \$5,000, was broken. I can always fix it, though," Zalman says.

Pat is a talented sculptor whose massive life-size pieces cannot be properly evaluated by a hasty look-see. Her work is so thoughtful and complex as to require hours of careful contemplation in order to fully appreciate what she's conveying in her art. Despite her formidable talent, she's a friendly, immediately likable, down-to-earth gal.

"We know people who haven't stopped eating since the earthquake," she says.

Zalman adds, "A lot of our friends have what they're calling 'quake fat.' Since the quake





they've gained like 25 pounds from nervous eating."

"After we had time to realize what had happened," Pat adds, "we went out to a hot dog stand and had two of the worst chili dogs you ever saw. Then we went to the bakery and got cream puffs and things we never eat. Zalman even had a bear claw (a large pastry) and he never had one before in his life.

"Zalman just slobbers these things off," she laughs, "but he sure was scared. We have friends who were on the 13th floor and they were thrown right out of bed. Their venetian blinds flew up and they looked out over the city, and there were big firebolts flying around. My God, what can be more terrifying?"

"Drowning," Zalman, who spent two years as a deep sea diver, immediately retorts. "Have you ever almost drowned?" / *please turn to page 76*



Everything in the King house is warm and dark and old, but Zalman & Pat are up-to-the-minute people whose interests lie in their children (that's Gillian above) and their careers. Zalman's future is not limited to television, though. He starred in "The Ski Bum," and produced & starred in "Whiskey Flats."

# Frank Sinatra's Barbecued Lamb



Barbecuing is a way of life almost all year round in California, and this Barbecued Lamb, and its accompanying herbed-rice casserole—served with a huge icy-cold Caesar salad and hot, crispy French bread, with fruit and cheese for dessert—is one of my favorites for casual, informal dining.

1. Have the butcher bone and butterfly a leg of lamb so that it will lie as flat as possible, reserving the bones for stock. (A 7-lb. leg of lamb yields about 5 lbs. of meat.) Make a marinade of 1 cup olive oil, 8 tbsp. wine vinegar, 2 crushed cloves of garlic and 1 tsp. salt. Place the lamb in a shallow pan, skin side up, and pour over marinade, letting meat stand at least 4 hours (preferably overnight) after slathering the skin side with plain prepared mustard.
2. Meanwhile, make a stock from the lamb bones, adding several cut stalks of celery with celery leaves, 1 whole onion, 1 green pepper cut in quarters, and salt and pepper to taste, simmering slowly for several hours. When done, remove bones and strain, putting aside for later.
3. Build a very hot bed of coals and, when ready to barbecue, place lamb on grill, mustard side down, about 5 inches from the coals. This sears the meat and seals in the juices. When brown on one side, turn. I find a 5-lb. piece of meat takes approximately 1 hour, but I test for doneness after about 45 minutes by slicing through the thickest part of the meat. The lamb should not be well done, but still faintly pink in the center and very juicy. When done, slice thinly à la Châteaubriand and serve on a heated platter.
4. Just prior (or earlier in the day, if you like) to putting the meat on the barbecue, soften 1 cup chopped onion in ½ stick of butter in a heavy skillet (about 5 minutes). Add 1 cup uncooked white rice and brown slightly, stirring occasionally. Add 2 tbsp. parsley and 2 tbsp. each thyme, oregano and rosemary, and 1 tsp. salt, stirring to meld flavors. When ready to cook the meat, transfer rice mixture to a covered casserole and add 3 cups boiling stock. Cover and place in 300° to 325° oven at the same time you begin to barbecue lamb. All liquid should be absorbed by the rice, and both the rice and the lamb will be ready for serving at the same time.

Happy Barbecuing!



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**Kim Darby  
was his co-star so  
she saw it  
all happen. In this  
exclusive  
interview she  
reveals...**

# **Elliott Gould Quits!! Is It For Good?**

■ Kim Darby spoke softly and soothingly into the telephone. Good actress that she is, she kept her voice level. It was her only chance for success, and she knew it.

"Come on, Elliott. Please? Try it, at least. Let's get on with the picture. Please?"

But on the other end of the line, after a pained silence, a male voice replied wearily, "I can't, Kim. I just can't. And that's the truth."

Stealthily, Kim sighed and tried again. She had to, for she was talking to Elliott Gould, with whom she was slated to star in the motion picture *A Ghoulsee Of Tiger*. Without Elliott, there simply wasn't going to be any picture at all—and Elliott was not showing up for work. Nor was he willing to talk to anybody else involved with the film. Therefore, it was up to Kim.

"Look," Kim said. "I'll help you. You know that. I'll do anything to try and make it easier. You can count on me. Can't you come down and let's try it? We're all here—waiting. We can't do anything without you."

But the same terribly tired reply sighed through the wires. "I can't, Kim. I just cannot do it."

No matter how hard she tried, all Kim Darby could get Elliott Gould to say was a simple, exhausted "I can't."

Finally, Kim gave up. With a resigned shrug, she turned toward everyone else and said, "All he said was he can't make it . . . he just can't make it."

Cameramen, grips, makeup personnel—all the people it takes to make up the production crew for a first-class film—all knew they'd be doing no work that day.

One man—Elliott Gould—was holding up everything.

He was the star, and without him, nothing could proceed. And he wasn't going to appear, that much was clear. If Kim Darby couldn't persuade him, then who could?

Nobody knew for sure exactly what the trouble was. They just knew that, almost from the word "go" everything had gone awry. There had been little warning—merely sudden disaster.

Certainly Kim hadn't known. Eagerly, excited at the prospect of co-starring with Gould in the picture, she'd signed her contract and come to New York, prepared to spend several weeks in the nation's biggest city.

It hadn't been easy. There was, for one thing, her small daughter, Heather, to consider. After arranging to have her well taken care of, Kim accepted what she considered to be a part that would greatly advance her already-considerable career. It also made it possible for Kim to work with Elliott Gould, whom she admires without reservation.

Clearly, Elliott admires Kim, too, for it was he who had insisted on her for the feminine lead in *A Ghoulsee Of Tiger*. Elliott could do that, since the picture was being done by himself and his partner, Jack Brodsky. True, the two had taken the property to Warner Brothers, but it was their film, the second of several slated to be produced with the giant studio; the first was *Little Murders*, already released.

Warner Brothers, it seemed, had another actress in mind . . . please turn to page 162





# NOSTALGIA

The 22nd in a series of Hollywood immortals

## Tyrone Power: He Died With His Dream Unfulfilled

By George Carpozi Jr.



It was love at first sight for Ty and his *Suez* co-star Annabella. The French actress became the first Mrs. Power in 1939.

■ As the fourth generation of a family that had established a tradition in the theater, his future never seemed in doubt to the people of Cincinnati's Walnut Hills section where Tyrone Power was born. Yet the fact that he came into this life with a name made famous on the stage by brilliant ancestors, didn't help him as Tyrone went unnoticed when he first stepped before the footlights as a



In '49, a year after his divorce from Annabella, Ty wed actress Linda Christian. They had 2 daughters, Romina & Taryn.



Ty died in '58 during filming of *Solomon And Sheba*. Third wife Deborah Minninos, who was carrying his son, was with him at the time.

Ty's motion-picture debut was as an extra in Universal's *Tom Brown Of Culver*, '32. He was paid \$500 for his work.



Ty & Simone Simon, both newcomers to the screen, had leads in *Girls' Dormitory*, '36, but it was Simone who caught the critics' eyes.



The multitalented Alice Faye was Ty's co-star in the musical *Alexander's Ragtime Band*, '38, which was a box-office hit.



Ty was dating actress Janet Gaynor when he made *Lloyds Of London*, '37, the film that hurtled him to stardom.



Ty had a habit of falling for his leading ladies, among them Swedish skating star Sonja Henie, with whom he made *Thin Ice*, '47.



20th-Century Fox loaned Ty to MGM to co-star with their leading lady Norma Shearer, in *Marie Antoinette*, '38.



# NOSTALGIA

Continued



With hardly a day's rest between flicks, Power plunged next into *Jesse James*, with Henry Fonda co-starring as his brother.



After only a 3-day honeymoon with Annabella, Ty rushed back to the Fox lot to make *The Rains Came* with Myrna Loy, '39.



Linda Darnell, who died tragically in a fire 6 yrs. ago, co-starred with Power in the life story of *Mormon Brigham Young*, '40.



stood for became one of moviedom's leading nonconformists.

Yet, in the beginning, when he made his first assault upon Hollywood with his blessing of good looks, Tyrone Power was determined that his future would be in that new medium just coming into its own and known as "talking pictures." To this handsome, aspiring actor whose namesake a hundred years earlier had been a pioneer of the Irish stage, whose grandfather had acted and written for the same stage, whose father, Tyrone II, had emigrated to the United States to achieve fame before the footlights, and whose mother was also an actress, Hollywood was a challenge to the promise of his ancestry.

The "Tyrones," incidentally, were named for County Tyrone in Ireland, where many generations of the family lived. But now the year was 1934, the month was May, and Tyrone's father was en-



Alice Faye, who got her start singing with Rudy Vallee's band, co-starred with Tyrone in Fox's *Rose Of Washington Square*, '48.



Linda & Tyrone made such an attractive screen couple. Fox teamed them in the sword-zipping thriller, *The Mark Of Zorro*, also '40.



Power & Rita Hayworth co-starred in the '41 remake of *Blood And Sand*, which boasted the famed Valentino and Nita Naldi back in '22.

In *Son of Fury*, '42, Tyrone headed a cast which included such illustrious names as Gene Tierney and George Sanders (not shown).



Beautiful Joan Fontaine, sister of Olivia de Havilland, was Tyrone's leading lady in Fox's production of *This Above All*, '42.



Joan Blondell, who always played the slightly dizzy friend of heroines, played lead opposite Tyrone in *Nightmare Alley*, '47.



For box-office draw, what could be more appealing than the two sizzling Irishmen, Ty & sexy Maureen O'Hara, in *Black Swan*, '42.

gaged on the stage in New York, while his wife, Patia, had gone home to Cincinnati to await the birth of her baby. Tyrone III made his debut on the 5th of May, but the doctor who delivered him found signs of weakness that he said could only be cured by a change of climate.

So when he was two months old, Mrs. Power bundled her infant son in his blanket and moved him with his little sister, Ann, to New York, where his parents now began to make silent movies for the Famous Players company. Although the climate in the East was not precisely what the doctor had prescribed for the frail infant, tiny Tyrone seemed to hold his own nevertheless.

When he was barely past his first birthday, his parents moved to Hollywood to act in movies for the old Selig company, but a year later the family returned to New York where papa Power starred in "Chu Chin

/ please turn the page



Jean Peters, Howard Hughes' ex, and Lee J. Cobb, supported Tyrone in the action-packed adventure flick *Captain From Castile*, '47.

While making *The Razor's Edge*, '46, Ty won Gene Tierney & lost his wife Annabella—& Anne Baxter (above) went home with the Oscar.

# HOSTALCIA

Continued

Ty and the sometimes unconventional actor-producer-director, Orson Welles, were a dynamic duo in *Prince Of Foxes*, '49.



Tired of "pretty-boy" roles, Ty made *American Guerrilla* In The Philippines, '50, co-starring Tom Ewell and Micheline Presle.



Model-turned-actress Susan Hayward, who's also an Oscar winner, was Ty's leading lady in Western flick, *Rawhide*, '51.



"Chow" and by 1921—when young Tyrone was seven—they were back on the West Coast.

They settled in Alhambra, where Tyrone got his first taste of the stage at Alhambra's Granada Street School starring as Santa Claus. Young Tyrone was thrilled.

But an even bigger thrill followed when he was given his first "legitimate" role, still at the age of seven, in the Mission Play at San Gabriel, California. His father and mother were playing in it, and naturally they touted their son to be the little Indian boy. Although he had only one line to say each evening, no one ever heard Tyrone III, because at exactly the moment he was set to speak the line—the 8:37 p.m. freight train came roaring past the theater.

Meanwhile, the climate on the coast proved beneficial to the boy and soon he had grown healthy enough to play football—and break a knuckle. Then came the



For 22 years Ty reigned as a top star. In '51 he made *I'll Never Forget You*. His fans will certainly never forget him.



Ty returned to costume pix he hated when he starred in *Mississippi Gambler*, '53, with King Donovan (cigar) and John Baer (right).



In '50 Ty made *The Black Rose*, with British actor Jack Hawkins, who later lost his voice following a bout with lung cancer.

Ty & wife Linda Christian were living in Italy when he was called to make King Of The Khyber Rifles in '53, with Mike Rennie (r.).



In '55, the year he and Linda divorced, Ty starred in The Long Gray Line, which featured character actor Ward Bond.



TV was in in the '50s, so Hollywood had to make better films, like Witness For The Prosecution, '57, starring Ty (r., Norma Varden).



sadness of his parents' estrangement which resulted in Mrs. Powers' return to Cincinnati, where she settled down with her youngsters and taught dramatics. Young Ty and Ann were sent to St. Xavier Academy.

After completing the sixth grade, Tyrone got his first taste of living away from home. He was sent to the parochial prep school for the University of Dayton. Later, he returned to Cincinnati and attended Purcell High School, and there—burning with ambition to become a professional actor—he won the lead in a school play.

During summer vacation, he jerked sodas in a corner drug store, and when business was slow young Ty read all the fan magazines. As he recalled that period of his life years later:

"I wondered if the movie stars pictured in the fan magazines lived like other mortals and how they

/ please turn to page 92



Ty portrayed the great composer-pianist Peter Duchin in The Peter Duchin Story, '56, with Kim Novak and Victoria Shaw (above).



Three screen greats, Ava Gardner, Mel Ferrer & Tyrone Power teamed up for Hemingway's The Sun Also Rises, '57.



Ty suffered fatal heart attack after dueling scene with George Sanders in Solomon & Sheba, which co-starred Gina Lollobrigida.



# Carol Burnett: "I'm Quitting Television—It's Killing

■ The scene is CBS studios in Hollywood.

The time is six o'clock. A packed audience of almost 200 waits to watch the most recent taping of television's most popular variety show, "The Carol Burnett Show." In the background you can hear the orchestra tuning up—sounds of a drum here, a trombone there. Long-legged dancers scurry about, practicing their last-minute maneuvers.

Then sudden silence. The show is ready to begin. The titles are flashed on the screen. What follows is not a huge production number, but simply that great star, Carol Burnett, coming on stage alone to talk to her audience.

That's the way Carol insisted that her show open no fanfare, no fancy dances or songs—just her. As a friend of Carol's I was invited to watch the show before talking to her backstage. But, lo and behold, I'm not her only friend there! As Carol looks around, she sees others—neighbors, relatives.

"Hey," Carol says, "look over there," as she points to a little white-haired lady in the 10th row. "I remember you!" Carol adds, introducing the woman as one of her high school teachers.

Such other friends come of their own accord to see her. All through her life, even long ago as a gangly

young girl, she made friends everywhere she went, and it's not unusual that they come to visit her now.

"Thank goodness for television!" Carol enthuses. "I'm the luckiest person in the world because all I have to do is come out here on stage and I always see wonderful old acquaintances. 'Oh,' she gurgles, 'God bless you, CBS!'

Carol Burnett is the first to tell you she isn't pretty. Yet somehow, as she stands there in her sequined, elegantly simple gown, she looks great! And it's love at first sight.

Carol Burnett is real. If she seems easy to like and know, if she seems like she'd be great fun at a party; if she seems like she'd be a loyal and true friend—it's because she truly is.

The show began, with the music and jokes and guest stars, and, of course, the classic Burnett skits. Carol clowned her way through, giving everything she was capable of to entertain her audience.

Carol had jokingly thanked CBS during her monologue. And indeed, she had a lot to thank them for. But, as I was later to learn, Carol may soon be leaving it all behind—CBS, her career, the works—to devote herself entirely to her family. That was the very

shocking news that was to come at the end of my evening with her.

CBS is the network that Carol has called "home" for four years now. Her initial contract calls for five years. In other words, she has only a year to go to fulfill her obligations before calling it quits.

It's not for any personal reasons with CBS that Carol is departing. As she told me later in her dressing room, she has only gratitude for them.

"They believed in me before I'd proven to be a durable commodity. I'd been on the Moore show [Garry Moore, where she was a regular for several years] and they saw I was a good second banana, but they didn't know if I could hold my own show. They took a chance on me. I knew I could do it. CBS just had to see," Carol smiled, "that if my talent couldn't put me across, my beauty could!

"I'm thinking of quitting television," Carol then said to my surprise. "For one thing, it's killing my kids. Second of all, I'm going to become that little old housewife I didn't think I ever wanted to be."

Killing her kids? Little Erin and Jody and older Carrie? How? I asked.

"They've known for a long time that television emits dangerous radiation," Carol answered. "And color sets are worse. They tell you

## My Kids"

not to sit within five or six feet of the set because of that danger. Not my girls! They sit as close to the television as they possibly can. I keep tugging them back. I tell them of the danger, but kids can't comprehend it too well. And I don't want to scare them to death."

Carol and hubby Joe Hamilton built their dream a few years ago—a Malibu beach house. Their plan had been not to have a television there, but to use the house for recreation only.

"Fat chance," Carol laughed. "We went two weeks without a set. Now we have three—big screen, little screen, half-screen, no screen—oh, I don't know," she howled.

It's not only because of the dangerous rays that each and every television set is capable of producing that scares and worries Carol and Joe, who produces her well-received TV hour. She feels that kids today spend too much time looking at television and not enough time outside in playgrounds exercising.

"I can't help it if one of my kids gets a gland problem and starts putting on weight, but I can keep her from getting fat by watching television all day long. My kids used to think I was a tyrant because I /

please turn to page 86



# LAWRENCE WELK: "I ALMOST DIED BEFORE I LEARNED TO KEEP FIT"

Back in 1913, Lawrence Welk, then a shy, pale youngster of 10 with bad eyes, was having recurring pains in his stomach. It was harvest time on the family farm in Strasburg, North Dakota and Lawrence did not want to worry his parents. Just a real bad stomach-ache, he told himself, it will go away. But one night there was a searing blast of pain and the frightened lad woke his parents.

The nearest hospital was in Bismarck, almost 80 miles away. Tenderly the youngster was wrapped in blankets and laid on the straw-covered boards of a wagon.

Today Lawrence Welk re-

members that journey vividly, though he rarely talks of it. When he did, his graceful musician's hands fluttered and his sensitive grey-green eyes reflected the emotion in his heart. "The doctor discovered a ruptured appendix," recalled Welk. "Peritonitis had set in and for seven weeks my recovery was in doubt. In fact, as they wheeled me into the operating room, the doctor told my mother I had one chance in a thousand. 'We put our boy in God's hands,' my mother told him. 'I'll go to the church now and pray.'

"Everything was blurred after that," Welk continued, "until I found myself dream-

ing that I was flying round and round, struggling in a high wind over our house. I felt that I was dying and I struggled to open my eyes. There were my three brothers, four sisters and my dear mother and father around my bed. Sick as I was and seeing everything as in a cloud, I could tell they were crying. And I knew that if they left the farm and the animals, it could only be because I was dying. A great feeling of strength filled me: I would get well, become a strong, healthy boy, able to do my share of the farm work."

Lawrence Welk smiled as he said firmly, "I truly believe the good Lord has had his arms

around me and protected me all the days of my life." Lawrence knows that in those days before antibiotics, his ruptured appendix inflicted lifelong damage to his body.

After his seven week stay in the hospital, Lawrence remained at home in bed for three months with a drain in his side, in the simple house his immigrant father had built of square blocks of sod cut out of the topsoil. During this long period of convalescence, he taught himself to play his father's accordion. He knew that music would be his life's work. "I'm grateful for that year at home," Lawrence has said.

*please turn to page 88*



# The Inside Word

from our gal in Hollywood



At party honoring Mike Douglas, Tony Franciosa told Mike that he & wife Rita were off to Rome for Tony's flick, *Alien*.

Dear Boss:

Photos spent the better part of a week camped outside St. John's Hospital trying to get pictures of **Patty Duke** and her baby. Patsi outfoxed them, stole out of the hospital at seven of a Friday eve. when the boys weren't around. During the week, the boys got friendly with hospital employees and when one was asked when Patty was leaving the place, the answer was: "We wish it were right now. We're getting very tired of *Mrs. Foul-Mouth*!" As of this writing, Patty's in town, holed up in the apartment building next to my office. . . At an award dinner, **Lucie Arnaz** faced **Phil Vandervort** and **Desi Jr.** bumped into a group of the lenshogs and the wise-cracking began. Said Desi to Lucie, "Don't stand too close to me, sis, because if you get pregnant, they'll blame it on me!"

As fanucci on me: Other day someone told me that **Paul Newman** had been shooting a film in the alley behind the office for three hours. (Great reporter I am, never even sniffed him.) Yesterday, whilst cutting down the alley, I am telling my companion how undone I am over this and I no sooner finished my story when I looked up—right into those big baby blues of Mr. Newman! I was so tongue-tied I couldn't speak. Like a bloody teenager I am about that man. He is just toooo good!

NBC's getting the business from the locals for canceling "The Senator" portion of *The Bold Ones*. Everyone's agreed, Hal Holbrook's segments were the best thing offered last season. That man is an actor! . . Now Jane Powell's getting into the act: a half-hour comedy-drama series called *Mrs. Ambassador* is being written for her. . . And the pilot, *Living With The Lennoxs*, is finally getting underway. They scream about fan image overpublicizing them, then put their lives on the tube every week (they hope!). I'll go on record now saying I don't think this is going to be the most exciting show ever to hit the tube! *Living With The Lennoxs*? Ugh!

A couple months ago I told you of the plight of **Pier Angeli**. This month, I'm happy to report, Pier is back in Hollywood and hopes to resume her career. She's spending time with her ex, **Vic Damone** (now separated from his wife, **Judy Rawlins**) and their son, **Perry**, seeing old friends, and her outlook now is: "I've had more than my fair share of pain in my life. But that's all right. I've made up my mind not to look back. I believe in tomorrow and in the Great Man upstairs." Glad to have you back, Pier.

**Peter Graves** wanted to do a flicker during his *Mission: Impossible* hiatus and he is (*The President's Plane Is Missing*), but—it's for the tellytube and not the wide screen. Meanwhile, he's proudly showing (to everyone!) his recently acquired citation from **President Nixon** for his job as honorary chairman of the Savings Bond drive. . . Another visitor to Washington, music man **Henry Mancini**, attended a White House dinner (his second time around) and when asked his views on the Vietnam war quipped: "The music's not so hot and the lyrics definitely need to be improved". . . Sales girls in a Westwood store were a little confused when **Hope Lange** popped in for some shopping. Hope, recently divorced from **Alan Pakula**, was buying maternity clothes. See, in her new series, she's **Dick Van Dyke's** wife and she's



Fred & June MacMurray are happy that *My Three Sons*—going into its 12th year—survived TV's severe cut. Lucy wasn't worried.

expecting—and—she needed a wardrobe! . . . Jane and Jim Brolin have it made. They sold their fast Appaloosa colt to country and western singer **Tony Joe White**. As if that wasn't enough, they toddled on down to Kentucky and spent four days with Tony as his houseguests!

It certainly is nostalgia time. I was fascinated with the amount of money spent at the 20th-Century Fox auction. (Since it was my very first auction, I was fascinated, *jailed*!) Of course, the room



Mike & his wife Genevieve naturally were the center of attention at The Bistro since Carol Burnett gave the bush honoring him.

was killed with deadly and it was this group that sent the prices sky-high. One young lady was practically in tears while bidding for the portrait of Tyrone Power. [Ed. note: Tyrone Power is this month's "Nostalgia." See page 58.] She wanted it so much and one dealer kept bidding against her. It made everyone furious that he got her up to \$725 before he quit. That's a lot of moola for one painting. Raymond Massey was hoping to get a painting of himself. We all thought he had it for \$160 when at the last minute some guy squeaked in with a bid of \$170. Realizing that this could go on forever, Mr. Massey stopped. We all booted the other guy! When Mr. Massey left (walking with a cane) he got a round of applause. I understand the same thing happened at the auction of Gypsy Rose Lee's memorabilia. Things went for double and triple the prices the galleries folk expected. And here I've been under the impression we're having a depression?

**The American Spirit:** A group of five wealthy Americans, including **Bing Crosby**, is conducting negotiations with North Vietnamese officials to ransom American POWs. A rep of the group has already met with North Vietnamese En-

bassy officials and found out they are willing to listen to a deal, but want several prominent businessmen as a negotiating committee. A spokesman for the group says he doubts the North Vietnamese would be willing to free the POWs completely, but "at least we want to see if we can get them into a neutral country, such as Singapore, or anyplace agreeable to both Hanoi and the U.S. State Department." Let us pray they are successful.

**Robert Hope**, on the long-distance horn to one of his managers the other day, kept talking and talking until finally the guy said to him, "Hey, Bob, this call is costing a lot of money." Quipped Rapid Robert, "No, it isn't. I'm sitting in Spiro Agnew's office!" . . . **Carrie Snodgress** wants to marry her constant companion, but he says he's not ready to settle down yet. . . . He may be "missin'," but he ain't "daid." When **Jack Entratter** passed away, the first phone call was from **Howard Hughes** offering his family a plane to fly Jack's body back to New York. A puzzle: A 17-year-old galpal of **Carrie Fisher**'s was booked for charging things on one of **Debbie Reynolds**' accounts. 'Til the card had been missing for quite some time, Debbie waited until now to report the theft.

Producer **Bob Henry** and the staff of *The Flip Wilson Show* serenaded ole Flippes with the following at the taping of Flip's last show. Sing it to the oldie, "Making Whoopee".

The season's over, yes, now it's done,  
We've had some crises, we've had  
some fun.

Our chimes are tunin' and we keep  
singin'.

Hooray for Cleon

He couldn't dance, he couldn't sing,  
And playin' sketches was not his  
thing.

We wouldn't buy it, he said, "I'll  
try it."

Three cheers for Cleon.

He sang a song with Ella, with  
Darin rock and roll.

Sang with that **Crosby** fella and  
with Ray Charles sang soul.  
He sang with Roger Miller and sang  
with **Charlie Pride**.  
He never sang with **Killer**. I'm sure  
he would have tried.  
We're here next season, we passed  
the test, now here's the reason  
You must have guessed, we were  
inspired, the day we hired  
**Flip Cleon Wilson**.

After the show, Flip and the producers hosted a farewell party for the group!

You meet everyone at the local animal hospital. On one of my trips, **Peter Haskell** with his pooch, **Muffin**, told me, "When a great spring I'm having. First a Pro-Am function, then a week in Australia to pa. *Bracken's World* (it's very large over there) and then—I'm so thrilled, I'm making my first movie about ice hockey, and we'll be locationing in Vancouver. After that, **Anne** and I hop over to Japan to visit friends—strictly a vacation. Isn't that great? No **Muffin** can't go with us, but I should live so well. We put her in the kennel down the street where each animal has its own apartment, complete with air conditioning and stereo!" . . . Next day there was **Bobby Sherman** and girlfriend cuddling two baby bloodhounds. "This

please turn to page 84



It's our bet that Carol's giving Jimmy Stewart hints on families—Jim's new series *The Family Plot* will begin next season.



Carol and Mike congratulated George Kennedy (& wife) on his new series *Surge*, in which George will play a policeman turned priest.



Mike & wife & Lucy & hubby were delighted when Carol told them she & Julie Andrews will be doing another Special next season.

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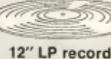
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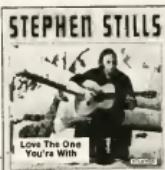


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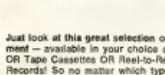
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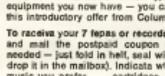
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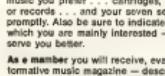
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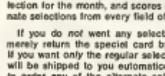
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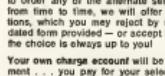
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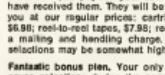
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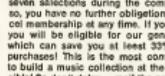
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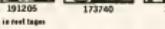
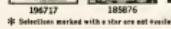
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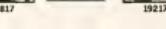
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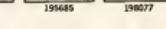
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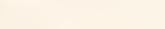
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# Lucille Ball

continued from page 21

might be responsible for Party's baby, but not responsible enough to become Party's husband. One evening, at the height of the tumult, Desi turned to his sister Lucy as they stepped into an elevator and commented sardonically: "Don't stand too close to me, Lucy; if you get pregnant, they'll claim it's mine!"

But this whole painful muddle, important though it was, was merely the visible portion of a sore that had been festering beneath the surface for years. Long before young Desi tasted the dubious joys of becoming a notorious father, he knew the ignominy of being a famous son.

It started with his birth (by Caesarean section) which was timed to coincide with the date on which Lucille, as Lucy Ricardo, gave birth to her son, Ricky, on the *I Love Lucy* show. If that sounds involved to you, it later became even more so to little Desi Jr.; his parents thought it a good joke to tell him that the child who played Ricky on television with them was really Desi himself. "I was confused," Desi says today with pointed understanding; he was also passionately jealous of the child actor and tried desperately to outdo him although there was a two-year age difference in the other child's favor. The situation was aggravated because the television family, even though they got into all kinds of scrapes, always ended up laughing and loving one another—while at home the real Arnaz family was in terrible trouble, with Lucille and Desi Sr. bickering their way toward a divorce. Worst of all, according to Desi Jr., each of his parents tried to persuade the children that the other parent was at fault.

The wonder is that Desi, torn in all directions, did not go to pieces entirely. He was six when his parents divorced and his mother whisked him across the continent to New York where she was to star in a Broadway musical. In the next few years, Desi began to realize his potential for trouble. "My school years," he says, "were chaotic."

That they were. He was Peck's Bad Boy, the class clown and the bane of every teacher's existence through half a dozen parochial and military schools in the east and the west. Today he regards himself as "saved from school" by the musical group he started with Billy Hincks and Dino Martin, by his going to work full-time on his mother's TV show and by his mind-expanding tutor, Irene Burke, who undertook his education privately.

At that time, Lucy was having problems of her own. Her new husband, Gary Morton, was a serene, loving influence in young Desi's life—but although Gary could sometimes make peace between Lucille and her son, he could never make peace between Lucille and her own ambitions. Even Desi, a child, could see that his mother was a woman in conflict with herself, torn between her compulsion to work and a deep-rooted desire to run away to a snow-covered cabin in the mountains where she and her family could laugh and play and love each other at leisure. If Lucille had ever chosen one role or the other and stuck with it, her children might have found it easier to understand and adjust. But she kept trying to live in both worlds and succeeded in enjoying neither. She would make elaborate plans for a long vacation, throw herself into

family life with a passion and then, abruptly, when, after a week or two, her children were just beginning to feel "like a real family," the need to work would reassume itself and she would race back to the studio. The children thought they could get closer to Lucy by working with her but that too was fraught with peril; at work Lucille was a perfectionist, driving cast, crew and herself with a heavy hand. She treated her children as ordinary employees ("Rightfully so," young Desi insists), but they were not ordinary employees—they were her children and they were vulnerable. They couldn't blow off steam about the boss when they went home at night; the boss went home with them! Nor were they permitted to give vent to their emotions outside the house: Lucille was intensely concerned about her public image and would allow nothing to damage it. "Don't do or say anything that might expose us in a bad light" was the family watchword, and to a child it meant not only repressing emotions until they smoldered dangerously, but that mother cared less about him than about the impression he made on strangers.

It wasn't all a bad scene, of course—if it had been, Desi might have left long ago. But there were good times. Unlike many comics, Lucille could clown at home both deliberately and unconsciously. She would throw herself into housekeeping with such abandon ("As if cooking a dinner were the most important thing in the world at that moment," Desi says) that she would reduce her son to helpless laughter; she could play in the snow like a child let out of school; she could indulge in vicious competitiveness,



72 Seeing "Little Ricky" with mom & dad on the old *I Love Lucy* show confused real-life son Desi, who knew it was supposed to be him.

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FOR  
VETERANS**

as she did the night she and Desi Jr., crashing into each other in the kitchen, cooked rival dinners for the same set of bewildered dinner guests; she could be as tender and warm a mother as any child could ask.

But that only made it harder to hear when Lucille became once again the actress, or when actress and mother coalesced into one terrifying superwoman, overprotective of her children and herself, insisting that only she knew what was right for all of them. Desi observed the overpowering Lucille in action the night his older sister, just turned 18, decided to leave home and take an apartment of her own. The appalling scene that followed was, in Desi's phrase, "an emotional wrenching." Mother and daughter were eventually reconciled (today young Lucie is far closer to her mother than Desi is), but the entire family was exhausted and depleted by the experience, and Desi was left asking, "Why do we have to go through this?"

Why, indeed? A psychologist would suggest it is because the people in this tormented family have failed to come to terms with themselves or each other. And Desi Jr. would probably agree. The one person he seems able to love wholeheartedly and easily is his father—and that, apparently, is because Desi Sr., though he had to leave his

family, did learn to know himself. Today Desi says of his father, "Dad lost sight of the things that were really meaningful to him. So there was a bad period when his values were all scrambled. But now he's found them again. Now he can admit his own mistakes and tell me how to avoid them." Those rediscovered values of his father's include telling the absolute truth at all times, living simply and working only as much as necessary. To Desi, in his present state of confusion and unhappiness, these are very attractive notions; he prefers them to his mother's way of life. In time—with maturity and compassion—he may come to understand that what is possible for his father has not been possible for his mother: the fortune which makes it feasible for his father to live simply and work little was earned just because his mother had a compulsion to work, and perpetual truth-telling is possible for people who see each other only occasionally, but not between members of a live-together-day-and-night family.

At this writing, the situation between mother and son seems to be worsening. Although Lucie and her fiance accompanied Lucille Ball to New York when she was awarded the 12th Annual Gold Medal of the International Radio and Television So-

society, Desi conspicuously avoided the festivities. Later, when mother and daughter appeared on *The Dick Cavett Show*, fellow guest star Carol Burnett warmly told young Lucie that she hoped her own daughters would grow up like her. "Isn't there anyone here you'd like your sons to be like?" Dick asked slyly—and before Carol could answer, Lucille Bell interrupted to say that she wished her son would learn a lesson or two from Dick. The audience howled, but it wasn't really funny—the truth is that Lucille and Desi Jr. are virtually estranged by now. Taking public jabs at each other won't help "It's a bad show," Desi has said, "when a love relationship turns into a purely selfish game of doing things to hurt the other guy." Yet that seems to be just what he and his mother are doing—and each blow that falls hurts both of them.

It is understandable that Desi, young and vulnerable as he is, may choose for a while to avoid his mother, to forgo the possible pleasures rather than expose himself to further pain. But we hope that this period of bitterness will not be allowed to go on forever. Despite the bitterness, Lucille Bell and her son need one another: we hope that they will find their way back to each other before long. —BY LEROY MARKER

## Star-O-Scopes

continued from page 46

image, starting with *The Main Attraction* which was so sexy it couldn't have a seal of approval. But trying to change an image in Hollywood is the most difficult task an actor can attempt.

Consequently, these past five or six years haven't been the best for Pat careerwise.

According to Pat's horoscope, he can be extremely lucky and self-confident that everything will work out all right. But Pat's horoscope doesn't have that extra shrewdness necessary to detect a phoney deal.

Right here and now we'd like to warn Pat to continue to be more than careful, especially from August 10 through December 20. And as much as we dislike being negative, we must also mention the months from January 19 through September 26, 1972 as especially critical!

On the whole, Pat possesses a fortunate horoscope, and by the end of 1972, he could be coming out on top a much wiser man. His financial misfortune is one of life's really bad knocks that was made all the more difficult for Pat because he has a wife and four daughters to care for. It hardly seems fair. But Pat's lucky chart will pull him through.

As we began, there's got to be something quirky about Pat Boone. And if we're correct, we'd say Pat's well aware of these traits and keeps them under control or directs their energies into constructive outlets.

Let's take Pat's most difficult astrological aspect between his Mars and Saturn. These are diametrically opposed forces, eventually

leading to bad judgment in business matters.

Pat's other unusual astrological setup gives him his personal magnetism but also makes him much more temperamental than his public has been made aware. Pat is not so emotionally calm as we'd expect. He has many highs and lows. His wife Shirley must be the best person in the world for him.

Since Pat's proved he can exert his energy and drive into constructive channels, he'll be able to accomplish much this year in spite of the tests coming up for him. And will he Pat's greatest aid with the bad judgment? His wife Shirley, according to his horoscope!

What a surprise is the horoscope of Barbara Parkins, Vancouver's gift to the motion picture industry. Barbara's a surprise because she was born under the dark of the Moon and keeps most of her traits well hidden. Her steely strength, her irrevocable force is what some of you may have sensed under that strange and alluring bruntastic beauty that escaped from the television tube while she played one of the leading characters in *Peyton Place*.

Didn't Barbara endure all the publicity Mia Farrow garnered by dating and marrying Frank Sinatra? While Dorothy Malone made world headlines in her battle to live, Barbara outlasted that publicity to perform in *Peyton Place* longer than any other performer.

There are two other qualities that, on the surface, overshadow Barbara's strength. One

is her unpredictable personality, counterbalanced by an expression of melancholia. If you think about Barbara Parkins, barely a Gemini-born May 22 on the cusp—you won't conjure up the vivaciousness of a Rosalind Russell or the late Judy Garland or Marilyn Monroe. Instead, you remember a repressed personality that only recently became released when Barbara got out from under family domination by moving to London to be on her own.

As long as Barbara lives in the world of today, she can accomplish almost anything she sets her sights on. That's because of her three planets in Taurus in strong aspect to her three planets in Leo.

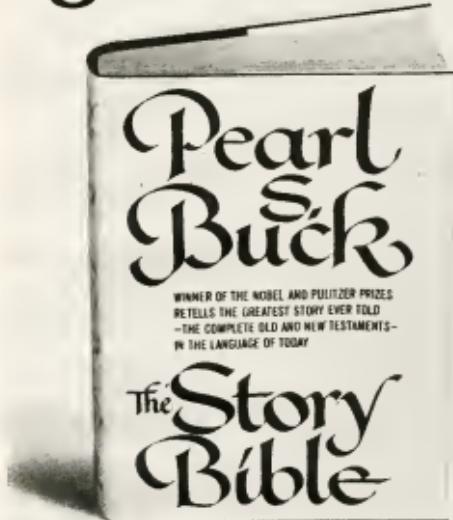
If Barbara decides to direct her energy toward becoming the full-fledged star she's capable of being, she can have a very successful 14 years ahead of her which could place her at the top of her profession for as long as she desires.

Barbara's next favorable period begins about September 23 through October 7, at which time she could receive an unexpected opportunity to do a film in some foreign country (any place other than Vancouver, British Columbia).

True love will come to Barbara within the next two years which could end in marriage. This is not to say she should marry during this period. An astrologer would definitely tell her to postpone a union for at least two years. Should she marry, there will either be a tremendous responsibility connected with it, or he will be a much older man—or both.

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# Zalman King

continued from page 53

"Yes, I have," Pat answers. "I almost drowned—it Zal hadn't gotten me. I got caught in a big undertow—a great big wave that pulled me out with it."

"That's going to be the title of this article," Zalman observes with a half-disgusted laugh—"Zalman King Saves Wife From Drowning."

Obviously, Zal, who plays something of an anti-hero on ABC-TV's *The Young Doctors*, doesn't envision himself as the heroic type off-screen either. It's true he's not your typical leading man. Despite the irregular nose and unruly hair his skin is too smooth, his mouth too persistent for him to be considered a rugged type. Yet, the not quite stagy, not-quite handsome face seems to be the kind that audiences remember best.

Zalman and Pat were married on September 25, 1961 climaxing a five-year courtship. "We met in the most romantic setting in the whole world," Pat sighs.

"I was on a great big ship all alone, painting rope on the dock, and all of a sudden I heard 'Splash, splash' and I thought it was a sea cow. I ran to the edge of the dock and looked over and Zal just erupted from underneath the ship. And that's how we met. I thought, 'There he is, there he is.'

Zalman's caricature version differs slightly. "That's not how we met. I met Pat in Atlantic City. It was a dark and dreary day," he begins, "and nobody should have been in the ocean. I was drinking beer with the rest of the lifeguards. All of a sudden, I was aware of some girl yelling 'help, help.' And some of the other guys wanted to rescue her because she was wearing a bathing cap."

Their wedding was in every way as unusual and romantic as their meeting. "We got married in the Bahamas on the beach," Zal explains. "The ceremony was performed by a Unitarian minister." Even though Zal's wedding was several years before the intra-denominational nuptials became popular, Zal never "thought of it as an unorthodox wedding."

Zalman has a far-from sense of humor which sometimes reaches epic proportions. For example, I asked the Kings if it's true that they rarely fight.

"Oh, yes, it's true," Pat said quite seriously. "In all the years we've known each other we've had maybe two fights."

"I just heat her up all the time," chimes in Zalman.

"Oh, Zal, that's not true!" Pat hastens to clarify.

For a moment, Zal grows serious. "What is there for us to fight about?" he asks, genuinely perplexed at the thought that a husband and wife must necessarily have disputes.

Their marriage has at its foundation an equality that champions of Women's Lib could use as a model. Since Pat's talent measures up in every way to her husband's, there's no question between them about her right to express herself.

When Zal isn't acting, he spends much of his time helping Pat in their large downtown workshop, which is so huge, in fact, he refers to it as a factory. Zal does the heavy work required in the making of Pat's giant size statues. Of course, she does the actual

and in the past five years now they've also been collaborating on various writing projects including a full-length movie script they're interested in producing.

Pat helps Zalman by her very presence. When she is around he's a finer, less wary, more talkative person. But as soon as Pat leaves the room, Zalman's voice becomes almost inaudible, his humor diminishes and he becomes unwilling to talk on most subjects. Pat returns again, and the banter begins once more, this time about children and how they change your life.

"Having children keeps you honest with yourself," Pat observes.

"I got to see a lot of late-night movies," Zalman laughs.

"Of course." It adds with an almost straight face. "I never see the children, that's part of our deal. They have a little place in the back and when I want to see them I go back there."

Pat, however, tells a slightly different tale. "After Gillian was born," she says, "I don't know what I would have done without Zal. He changed her diapers and cleaned her up and everything."

Zalman grows a bit embarrassed by this revelation and some silent signals pass between them as Pat changes the mood.

"He puts the children on the way he does everyone else," Pat reveals. "As a result he'll say to Gillian: 'What's your name little girl?' And she'll say, 'Suzie, what's yours?'"

Zalman adds, "I figure that if I can condition them to be used to being put on, to be used in having to think really fast, well then, that's my contribution to their future."

The Kings live in a deceptively ordinary looking house in a modest section of Venice, California, which is an unglamorous Los Angeles suburb, despite its location on the Pacific Ocean. From the outside, the only clue as to what the house contains are the stained glass windows that can be seen from the street.

Once inside the two-story residence, it's

impossible to decide just where to look first. Somehow the Kings have managed to create the '30s. Their entire home is filled with unusual antique furniture, funky objects and art deco, all of which serve as a background for the overprotecting sculptures Pat has created.

In the dining room a bust of Zalman seems to have a life of its own. In this room Pat has exaggerated the features and given him an almost gargoyle-like appearance.

Upstairs is an immense room that serves as a combination master bedroom and galley. The house is a converted speakeasy and retains much of that raucous charm as well as the prevailing feeling of the '30s.

Not everyone could live in surroundings like these but for Pat and Zalman King the home is a work of love. Every item in the house has been carefully placed there. It took a long time to find many of the objects which are proudly on display, but the Kings obviously feel that the result is well worth the tremendous effort involved.

Born in Trenton, New Jersey, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lekowitz, Zalman doesn't like to talk about his childhood, except to say that they were a close knit, happy family.

During his adolescence, Zalman became interested in anthropology. "I was just fascinated by it," he says. "Anthropology ties everything together—gives you a better understanding of man."

He spent two years studying the subject at Grinnell College in Iowa, and then took off for the Bahamas where he became an expert commercial diver. But Zalman doesn't dive anymore. "You get so good at something because you do it so often, and then if you get away from it you've lost your skill, and now it would take me too long to get that good again."

At one point in their lives, Zalman and Pat opened a chain of coffee houses that extended throughout three states. Zalman claims he enjoyed setting them up. "But I hated running them," he chuckles. "Eventually I sold them."

"I knew what I didn't want to do," he relates. "Acting seemed a good way of life. All my time wouldn't be tied up and I'd be somewhat free."

Zalman studied with famed acting coach Stella Adler. "I had to study with someone," he says, "just to see how you got into acting. She gave me some good experience."

However, he only remained with her briefly, then quickly managed to score a role in an off-Broadway production of *Cat On a Hot Tin Roof*. In 1966 Zalman journeyed to the West Coast where his unique assets garnered him guest roles in several different TV shows including *Gunsmoke*, *Alfred Hitchcock Presents*, *Mr. Novak*, *Blame It on Jud* and *Father Knows Best*.

Would Zalman King like to live in another place, perhaps another city?

"Absolutely not! Los Angeles is where everything happens. This is my life. What I do here is my life. This is the most interesting era in history and I wouldn't miss it for the world."

Earthquakes and all! "Earthquakes and all!" he says emphatically.

—BY JAN GAUTSCHI



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# MP's Crossword Puzzle



## ACROSS

- Culp
- Sloe
- Color
- ABOUT EVE
- Ripped
- Martin
- Kangaroo (Slang)
- Barren
- Unusual
- 1949 Oscar winner (2 words)
- Create
- Mountain
- Whereas
- Danish moose
- A CALLED HORSE
- LEAVE TO HEAVEN
- BUNCH (TV)
- Collection
- Affirmative
- Parcel of land
- Redgrave
- Pinch hitter
- Mop
- Champagne Music Maker (2 words)
- Star of BRIGHT PROMISE (TV)
- True
- Regret
- Singer Williams
- Grave
- Feminine name
- Actress West
- Secret agent
- 1956 Oscar winner

## DOWN

- Sharp point
- Swim genus
- Woman's gym clothes
- NAME OF THE GAME star
- Movie menace of the '30s
- Tune
- Glenn Ford's HEART
- Three feet
- Compass point
- G. Robinson
- Globule
- BONANZA regular
- To skin
- Reason
- TV's HAW
- Cereal grass
- R. F. D. (TV)
- Jo Pflug
- Martin
- Obscure
- Redford
- John Phillip
- Swerve
- Rascal
- Robert Young's TV role
- Turner
- So. American Indian tribe
- Advocate of the new (PL)
- Cook-out
- Ship bottom
- Obstruct

(Answers to crossword on page 91)

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But this doctor has discovered an "upside-down" way to reduce! A way to lose weight (to repeat this all-important fact once again) *by eating, and not by starving!* Because the foods he feeds you are *high-calorie*—but *low-sugar*—and his recommendations for you—automatically make your "inner furnace" burn hotter—so that flab turns into fuel—and you can lose 20...40...60...80...even 100 or 120 ugly pounds in the most delightful way you've ever dreamed possible!

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Yes, there are certain foods you *can't* eat, because they're poison for your weight. But this doctor *pays you back* for passing by those "poison foods" with *free* healthy, nutritious, *and helping* of other foods you love instead! And you *keep right on burning off the weight!*

Yes, you have to stick to the diet every day. If you don't, you'll gain weight again and again. And you have to stick to the diet even if you've lost 40 or 60 or 80 or 100 pounds—so you can keep that weight off *for good!* But who wouldn't want to stay on a diet that lets you *fill up* your plate with *delicious* desserts and *snacks*—over again! And *mark at the morning!* Snack delightfully every night before you go to bed!

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This second way of evaporating ugly flab from your body is perhaps equally as important as the



way to go on a "crash diet"—and that is so effective at retaining water in the body that the *strict* forces *use it to keep men from bleeding to death* when they have no plasma handy!

That also includes the Number One "reducing checkup" and the Number One "reducing diet"!—and every single one of the so-called "no-calorie" or "low-calorie" softs drinks! *The* are all "water water holders"! And unless you know when and how to use them, you *will* be forced to use them at all—*you'll simply swell up like a balloon, even if you're conscientiously starving yourself twenty-four hours a day!*

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At the same time, he also says: "The same diet that makes your clothes snug through their clothes will become frighteningly loose; even their shoes become too big. If you stick to my diet, you might even have to have your belt shortened."

And he quotes patient after patient, like this: "I am very happy with the results, I can wear a size 12 dress (was 20) or suit, and some size 10 dresses. Weight was 183, now 136...I feel 10 years younger."

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### ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Doctor Ernest R. Reisch entered University of Nebraska in 1921, received Bachelor's Degree in 1923; Doctor of Medicine in 1925.

Doctor Reisch interned and has been associated with Providence Hospital, Detroit since graduation and has been in continuous practice except for the intermission of World War II, when he was a Medical Officer in U.S. Navy.

Professional Memberships: Wayne County Medical Society, Michigan State, American Medical Association and Society of Abdominal Surgeons.

The interest in the problems of obesity was accentuated when patients came from the corners of the earth, such as Australia, South Africa, Europe, England, Sweden and South America.

first. For medical science now knows that a large portion of those ugly bulges on your waistline, hips, thighs, buttocks and elsewhere is nothing but plain *trapped water!* And that even when you melt away the fat itself, too much *bulge* remains until you *set the trapped water out with it!*

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This includes the Number One "reducing fruit" eaten by millions of men and women when they

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Just had to run home for a few minutes to get something."

"Get what, Bill?"

"Something, Ma. Just something. I'm in a hurry, okay?"

Mrs. Cosby didn't like Bill's tone. She didn't like the look in his eyes, the tenseness in his voice. Something was wrong.

"William Cosby, you been fired?"

Bill shook his head. He reassured her with a grim smile.

"Then why are you here when you should be there?"

"Don't have time to talk now, Mom. Got to get back to the club."

His brothers took it all in silently. It wasn't just Mrs. Cosby. They all had a smell for something in the air that they wished would go away before it arrived.

Bill headed for the kitchen. He pulled open a drawer and started fumbling through the cutlery.

"What you doing, son? Looking for the can opener? If you're hungry, I can fix you something real fast. No need to open any cans." She was on his heels, eyeing him anxiously.

"Not hungry, Ma," Bill found what he wanted and slammed the drawer shut.

Mrs. Cosby noticed the pulsing veins in his neck.

Bill wrapped his fingers tightly around the handle of the long butcher knife. He quickly wrapped newspaper around the blade, forming a makeshift scabbard and slipped the knife down the side of his trousers, leaving the hilt free, but inside his shirt so it wouldn't show.

"Bill," Mrs. Cosby cried.

"Don't say it, Mom," Bill warned. "Don't hug me. I know what I'm doing."

Russ and Bob looked down. They knew their mom wouldn't stop Bill. No way. If it had been one of them, it would have been different. She wouldn't have asked for the butch's knife. She would have taken it.

But with Bill, it was different. Bill had special status. He'd earned it. He never had much choice.

Their father was a regular Army man who made it home a couple of times a year. So it was Bill who'd been the man of the house. Bill who'd provided the muscle to keep his younger brothers in line all through the years. Bill was an authority figure, no doubt about it. Mrs. Cosby had put the fear of God in the other kids. Bill was something else. She treated him like an equal. Even if he did something that bothered her she'd sooner ignore it than call him on it.

This time she couldn't stand silently.

"Bill," she said tightly, "you know I'm not one to interfere, but what I see scares me. It scares me real bad. I don't like what I feel. This is a bad thing, Bill."

"These guys wanna start something—they wanna get wise. I'll take care of them," Bill bluffed. "I'll be ready for 'em when I get off work." Bill had said more than he wanted to.

"What guys?" Mrs. Cosby asked with heightened alarm. "Start what? Bill, what you talking about?"

"Gotta get back, Mom. I don't have time to joke."

He walked toward the door. His mother kept pace. She reached out to grab him by the shoulder then thought better of it.

"Bill," she pleaded, "you've been in lights before. You been in lights all your life. You never used a knife before. Why you trying to use one now? Don't do it. You'll be making a big mistake, son."

"We'll see who made the mistake," Bill rasped. "Ma, you can't stop me. Nobody can stop me. I can't stop myself. It's gone too far."

"But, Bill, I've never seen you like this before."

His tone was suddenly gentle. "First time for everything, Mom." He put his hand on the doorknob. "See you later."

Mrs. Cosby's face was ashen. "You sure I'll see you later? Here! Or in or in the mosque? Somebody could get killed."

Bill looked long into his mother's eyes then closed the door behind him. For the

from the housing project where he lived.

Mostly working guys went there to unwind. Not too many of them let their having a good time depend on what happened on stage. A performer could consider himself lucky if all they did was ignore him.

"You know how clubs are," Russ points out, remembering how it all came to pass. "Guys get high. Some of them are loud mouthed. And this night, man, Bill had one of them guys."

Bill Cosby had the idea that if he was up front taking the trouble to entertain people they owed him the courtesy of paying at the door.

Bill talked as long as he could to ignore the whooshing making all the noise. Finally he had it. Bill stopped talking. He'd seen that done before in clubs. If the entertainer suddenly went quiet, usually the house would go quiet, too, and the other customers would get the pest to knock it off so the show could continue.

Only it didn't work this time. The blubbermouth didn't even pause to notice if Bill was doing his act or not. Bill stepped to the guy's table, grabbed the offender by the shoulder and spun him around.

Now everything was quiet except for the sound of scraping chairs and bodies tuning

"Look, bud," Bill's eyes blazed, "why don't you keep quiet so I can do my job?"

"What's your job, sonny—waitin' tables? I never seen a temperamental waiter before. Make 'em sell their orders if you can't hear 'em."

The balloon laughed maniacally. So did his companions.

"Okay," Bill said patiently, "Now you're here. I know. How about giving me a chance to try to be funny? That's what I'm bring paid for."

"Bug off, fellas, you're interrupting my conversation."

"That's the general idea," said Bill. "Now I told you to keep quiet. I'm not going to tell you again."

Bill's tormentor was a big, bumpy, barrel-chested man. He wheeled around and faced Bill with an explosive look of derision. "Say, man," he drawled with lazy contempt, "you don't scare me. You spit now, boy or I'll plug you in the mouth."

That did it.

"Boom!" Russ Cosby recalls, shaking his head. "Bill hit him. This guy had like three other guys at the table and they all jumped up."

They were going to take Bill and break him into gingerbread crumbs.

"Now wait a minute," Bill said. "You want a tumble, you got it. But not here in the club. I got my act to do and I'm going to finish it. I'll see you out back after the show. We'll settle this then."

"You know it, baby," the big guy said, wiping his mouth with a soiled handkerchief. "You be there. If you don't have us we'll find you, Digz."

They knew Bill wouldn't disappoint them. He was too mad. They could smell it.

## MOTION PICTURE MONTHLY

JULY ISSUE  
ON SALE  
JUNE 8

## MOTION PICTURE

first time in their lives, Russ and Bob, a year younger than Russ, saw their mother weep.

"We were really scared to death," Russ Cosby relates. "We never seen Bill take my weapon out. He fought everybody with his fists. All we could do was pray."

They stayed up all night praying and watching the door, afraid of the news that would come through it.

That Bill Cosby had a boiling point was no secret to his brothers Russ. Bill didn't try out jokes on his brothers during those growing-up years. He was a disciplinarian, not a comedian around the house. If Bill told his brothers to do something, they did it or got a belt. It wasn't fun and games raising a family. Bill took his responsibilities seriously. And he was good at getting mad. Russ and Bob remembered their brother most for the lack of his hand than the edge of his wit. They weren't surprised that Bill could be provoked. But a butcher knife just wasn't his way.

Bill Cosby was just as serious about being a comedian as he was about helping to raise his kid brothers right. He was as easy as the next guy to get along with—maybe easier—until someone pushed him the wrong way.

He was just starting out as a night club comic. He was working at The Underground, a little club in South Philadelphia, not far

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YES, IT WAS LIKE A MIRACLE TOOK PLACE — AS MY FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS COULD NOT BELIEVE IT! FROM MY FACE IN JUST 20 DAYS, EVEN MY HUSBAND WATCHED THIS CHANGE WITH DISBELIEF. IT WAS ALMOST AS IF I HAD PLASTIC SURGERY, FACIAL LINES, "CROWS FEET" AND MY FLABBY CHIN LINES AND PUFFY CHEEKS SMOOTHED ALMOST BEFORE MY EYES. I DID SO THIS BY USING MY OWN SIMPLE FORMULA.

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STRETCH-A-WAY

# Bill Cosby continued

The butcher knife was a long, cold hunger along his thigh as Bill finished his show. The heavy kept a heavy eye on him, but not for the entertainment. Occasionally, he exchanged muffled quips and obscenities with his friends. Bill's punch had connected solidly and had drawn blood. The big guy's lower lip was puffed up. He was thirsting to even things with Bill.

In the back alley, Bill was in for a surprise. What he saw made him glad he'd gone home for that butcher knife. While he was on stage, he kept thinking maybe his mother was right. Maybe he ought to ditch the knife and take his chances without it. Now he was sure that without it he would be plain suicide.

"This guy had more guts now," Russ explains. "While Bill was home, he sent the rest of his boys from South Philly."

Bill decided not to go for his knife right away—to pick the right moment. The big guy was out to take Bill by himself, it he could, or at least to soften Bill up before the others joined in.

In others, gaining, formed a ring around the two combatants. Bill danced deftly out of reach of his adversary. He was light on his feet. He knew how to handle himself. He hit the big guy a glancing blow on the cheek. The big guy snorted contemptuously, then lunged with a massive rightcross. Bill ducked, and managed a shot to the guy's solar plexus. The big guy groaned. He pressed forward with stoked anger. He grabbed Bill around the neck with one arm and began punching him in the stomach with his free hand.

Bill extricated himself, peppered the guy's beefy face with left jabs and belted him in the belly with his right. With a great effort the big guy swung his hammy fist and landed a sledgehammer blow on Bill's jaw. Bill fell to the cold concrete ground like a sack of cement. He narrowly missed a broken whiskey bottle.

Bill's assailant lunged at him with a wild, animal cry. Bill felt his head reel. He slicked his tongue past bruised lips. He felt and tasted the hot blood. The blurry faces of men circled above him seemed almost purple in the dull light of the half moon. He could smell the garbage from the alley cans.

"All right, you," the big guy hissed as he bent down and grabbed Bill by the shirt.

Bill knew now was the time. He'd better do it fast before this cat did him in. He felt the knife against his thigh. It was cold before but now it was burning against his leg, begging to be used.

Bill cocked his right arm and brought it down in a swift arc. He lashed the big guy's face. The big guy spat out a cry of pain. There was a fresh trickle of blood from his mouth. But there was no knife in Bill's hand. He couldn't do it. Not yet, anyhow. He'd decided to play it cool—to wait until the other guys made their move.

Bill pussed his advantage. He crowded the big guy, pummeling him with punishing blows to the face and stomach. Bill had

him licked and the ape knew it. The big guy's arms were like lead weights now. He could barely lift them. Bill had reduced him to a blubbering pinching bag.

The big guy turned to his buddies. "Get him," he panted. "Get him. Squash that rat!"

Bill slowly backed away, crouching, evading his adversary as they moved toward him, his hand ready to grab the knife. Sweat beaded with blood on his swollen upper lip and his heart climbed into his skull, beating loudly as the gang closed ominously around him. The moment had arrived, he thought. The moment he dreaded. The moment that his clammy fingers would have to close around the hot handle of the butcher knife and whip it out. Once done, he knew, there was no turning back. It would be either him or them. The gang pressed closer.

Suddenly, an instant before Bill was going to make his dreaded move, one of the gang stopped short. He spread his arms like a cop holding back a crowd. "Wait a minute, man," he drawled. "That was a fair fight. The cat beat him fair and square. We don't need to jump him."

"Yeah," the others agreed. "Was a fair fight." Then they started needling the big guy, thumping him on the back, chiding "You was heat, man. That cat beat you good..."

The big man grumbled and shot a last look of hate at Bill as his friends laughed and helped him down the alley. Bill watched them until they disappeared around the corner and on to the street.

Only then did Bill relax his tensed muscles, a great sigh escaping from tight-lipped lips.

Back in the housing project, the Cosby door opened again.

Bill staggered in.

"Thank the Lord," his mother cried. Russ and Bob ran to meet him.

"You all right, man?"

Bill grinned.

"What you so happy for?" Russ said. "Be fore you was so mad."

"That was before."

He went into the kitchen and put the butcher knife back. His mother looked at him, afraid to ask.

"I didn't have to use it, Mom," he said. "I beat him with my fists."

Bill went upstairs. He fell asleep the minute he hit the bed.

Russ Cosby is not sure whether the payoffs did it or not. He is sure they didn't hurt.

Who knows? Without them, it might have been the end of Bill Cosby that night.

—BY BILL TUSHER



Bill Cosby may have left television for the academic life, but he hasn't abandoned his fans. He's making a family-type movie with George Spell, *Man And Boy*, and is sure of its success.

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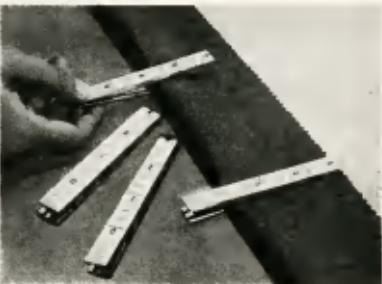
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# The Inside Word

continued from page 59

one's three-and-a-half months old (it had the saddest-looking face I've ever seen and was so adorable), getting a little large for a lap dog, but they're so lovable. The baby's about eight weeks and here for her first shot. I got her to be company for the other one. I'm now buying doggy doggy instead of for myself. How about that?"

Don Grady, now 26, who has played the role of Robbie on *My Three Sons* for the last 11 years, is pulling out of the show. "I want to drop out for a while. I want to assess the whole scene. I've been acting all my life, but I don't know if that is where I want to go." Connie Stevens has signed to co-star on the *Des O'Connor* show, *Kraft Music Hall's* summer sub on NBC. It will be taped in London, meaning Connie and kids will be there for 11 weeks. Wonder if her good friend Neil Armstrong will be wandering over to visit? . . . I love this line from a local trade review of Colleen's *Buttercup China*: "Leigh Taylor-Young is simply awful in most of the film, substituting cow-eyed mouthing for most of her reactions."

I have been reading national magazine articles on Jane Fonda and I wanna tell ya, she scares the hell out of me. And in case you missed a recent short interview out of San Francisco: Jane's asked for a massive peace mobilization to end the war in Southeast Asia, end poverty, racism and sexism at home. I'm all for ending the war, poverty, racism (don't understand what she means by sexism at home. If sex belongs anywhere, it belongs in the home, not on the screen or in the streets!), but it's the way she's going about it that frightens me. "I'm not a do-gooder. I'm a revolutionary, a revolutionary woman," says Jane. Her mile-long procession with demonstrators across the nation is "to close the Government down." When asked about possible violence, her answer, "Property may be destroyed, but maybe some things are more important." She supports Angela Davis (awaiting trial on murder, kidnap and conspiracy charges in California) because she is "a political prisoner, not a criminal." Jane ends her speeches with a clenched fist, sign of the Black Panthers. There's enough violence

in this world without this dumb-dumb running around stirring up more. I don't support my own business, but I'll never go see any flick that features Fonda.

Maybe David Hartman will get some rest when he goes back to work on the soundstage this summer. During the hiatus period from *The Bold Ones*, he has been skiing in Montana, entered four March of Dimes telethons, played ball with the San Francisco Giants in Arizona, was speaker at two conferences of California Nurses Association, Institute on Social Problems in Dallas, Texas Conference on Muscular Dystrophy in Florida and the Major Leagues Baseball Awards dinner in Beverly Hills, plus appearing on *The Tonight Show*, *The Virginia Graham Show* and reading around two dozen scripts for motion pictures and television pilots. Wheew!

Just in case you hadn't heard, the earth is still shaking out here. I'm going to be a real pro in calling the jolts on the Richter scale! If California isn't sunk into the Pacific by this time next month, I'll be back! —Pat Campbell

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Check features you would like to see:

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Most Promising Male Newcomer: \_\_\_\_\_

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(PLEASE PRINT)

# Carol Burnett

continued from page 65

regulated them regarding television. Some days I wouldn't let them watch it at all if I felt they should be doing something more creative for themselves."

For all the benefits that television has brought into the American home, Carol feels there are liabilities as well. "Whenever I see an overweight child I wonder if it's because he ate too much or because he doesn't get off his rear and play football or something."

One reason why Carol is concerned about Carrie, seven, Jody, four, or Erin, three, becoming lazy and overweight is because Carol herself had a weight problem. She was never fat but only because she controlled herself carefully. "All I ever had to do was see a billboard for Hershey or Butterfinger and I started to budge!"

Carol is anything but a tyrannical mother. If her three daughters couldn't appreciate what Carol was doing for them, it was only because they are still young and don't see the dangers their mother does.

**T**he "killing" Carol speaks of is a slow kind. "It's like pollution," she adds. "If we don't start controlling it, it'll start controlling us."

Carol is not slapping the hand that feeds her. Some may think she should be indebted to the medium for what it's done for her and, of course, she is. When she criticizes television, it's because being a part of it gives her a right to.

"I've been thinking about retiring," Carol says. "I've worked very hard and I'm going to take some time off and just relax. I'd probably do that for about one week before going stir crazy!"

Carol laughed, but behind it was a serious feeling that she wants to be with her family more than her work allows. Right now she leaves home every morning at seven, which gives her just enough time to ready the kids for school. Often she doesn't arrive back at the Hamilton home until late at night.

"I always said I was going to be a real glamour girl who had a maid and a cook and driver—the works—and I'd come home at night and float in my milk bath until dinner was ready," Carol paused, then added, with dramatic flair. "Igh!"

It seems like Carol wants to give up everything for a life others find less interesting—mother and wife. But making cookies and greeting her girls at the door when they come home from school in the afternoon is something Carol's never been able to do. Running a huge variety show fulfills her in many, many ways. But now she wants to become a full-time mom. For Carol, that's where real love is.

Carol did decide to retire next year. "I said, when the show runs its course, then I'm taking time off. Then guess who put his two cents in?"

"Geez who" happens to be Carol's husband, Joe. Carol did tell him that she left her wants to take it easy, Joe knows and understands his wife better than she does. When he said "no" it was for a good reason.

"Carol has to work hard," Joe explained. "Too much leisure is bad for her. She works well under pressure and likes to be pushed."

"Carol secretly worries that she's neglecting some part of her life, either the show, or me or the girls. Even after reassurances she has to come to grips with it herself. If she feels she needs to devote all her time to us, then that's the way it should be. But neither the girls nor I really want that."

But even Carol's family may not know what she's feeling deep inside. They may tell her every day how much they love her and how proud they are of her. Still, it's very possible that Carol wants to do more for them.

And maybe she needs to do more because they're the first real family she's ever had. If Carol Burnett hadn't been forced to be so independent at an early age; if she hadn't had to be her mother and sister to her sister Chris; if she'd known a full family instead of being raised by her grandmothers, then possibly she could continue in her show for 100 years without guilt.

Carol's life story is full of that kind of struggle. That's why having a husband and children who love her means more to her than the ordinary woman.

To hoot, Carol remembers the promise she made to Joe when they married in Mexico in 1966. Her career had been the main reason Carol's first marriage ended. (Ex-husband Don Saroyan and Carol are still friendly today.) Carol promised Joe that the demands of her career would always take second place to him.

Seven years ago, Carol envisioned a little house with lots of kids running around. And there she would be, in the middle of all the action, apos and all.

The house and the children are already reality. The "apron" is what she wants now. If she quits her show, it's because finally she wants all the spoils of motherhood.

"After Carrie was born," Carol once remarked, and I went back to work, I was filled with worry. Was the nurse doing this or that. I thought that every moment I was gone was a wasted moment, and that I was missing the best parts of her life."

Carol soon learned not to feel that way. As Carrie grew, she had a mother she could be so proud of. When her friends would ask her what it was like to be Carol's daughter, Carrie would gloat with pride. When she would go shopping and passersby would stop Carol for an autograph, Carrie would be delighted.

**T**hat justified Carol's work. "Children want to be proud of their parents," Carol said. "They want to brag about them."

The many hours away from her family suddenly made sense to Carol. The girls didn't resent her absence at all—they relished it.

But Carol felt guilty about other things. She didn't like to return home from work and have to tell her girls, "Don't watch television!"

Did she have the right, she must have often asked herself, to be away all day and

come home only to give them directions?

"Yes," Carol decided. She may have been gone for long periods of time, but she was still their mother. It was she who worried all day long about their welfare. It was she who always took time off whenever her children needed her for PTA meetings or just for buying a pair of shoes. It was she who told her staff always to find her whenever the girls telephoned, even if it meant breaking into a production number that costs thousands of dollars.

Carol had borne three children. What made her a real mother, however, wasn't the childbirth but the love and concern that came afterward. When a reporter once asked her why she was a good mother, Carol answered: "Because I always give them what they need, and mostly what they want."

Carol isn't home during the day, but her wishes are fulfilled nevertheless: She's very concerned that the girls get the right amount of exercise and don't sit around watching television all day.

"Jody calls me General Mama because I only let her watch it two hours a day, and even then not in succession. Every morning we do exercise together. Push-ups and sit-ups—it's a regular activity in my home. I even got Joe to do them with us. Now that's success!"

Carol's a mat for physical activity. At CBS she's even instituted a gym class which works daily for 30 minutes doing physical routines. And it keeps Carol in good shape. "I may not be Raquel Welch," she added "but I'm not Tessie The Tub either!"

**C**arol's retirement, if it comes, wouldn't be filled only with making cookies and handaging sore fingers. Actually, she has one other idea in mind.

"Joe still wants a little boy," Carol says. "He thinks the fourth time might be the charm. Well, I'll tell you, it'll be the only thing I haven't been in the hospital for in the past few years!" Carol's been hospitalized recently for back trouble and foot trouble, and, as she says, "... assorted things in between!"

"I want a little boy too. Trouble with me is, well, I'm too good a sport!"

Carol has wanted to enlarge her family for some time. Though Joe has eight children from his first marriage, he and Carol still dream of a son. Because of her work and her grueling schedule, she's unable to fulfill that wish just now.

But retirement would allow her to have all the children she wants. She wouldn't have to worry about holding up a schedule. The long months a pregnant woman spends in waiting would become a joy for her, a time of love and expectation.

Joe Hamilton knows, however, that an retirement would only be temporary for his wife. "Give her a year or so and she'd be right back. She needs an audience. It's not just a matter of choice."

Carol is torn between both sides. She's the star of television, yet she also fears for what it's doing to her kids. She spends most of her time each week preparing a show for a





Lawrence Welk's come a long way from this North Dakota farmhouse. Here he's in his mother's arms, surrounded by papa, sisters & brothers.

## Lawrence Welk *continued from page 66*

"And I'm grateful that I've learned to take care of my health. In fact, I'm so grateful that I go around like a missionary telling everyone the Welk secrets of physical fitness. It's terribly sad to see a potentially successful entertainer's career ruined because he neglects his health. Man's greatest enemy is himself."

Some people take a lot better care of their automobiles than they do of their own bodies. The human body is often compared to a machine, but it is much more than that. A man can get along without his appendix, gall bladder and tonsils—I do—or even with only one lung, one kidney or part of his stomach. But what other machine would function well if so many of its parts were removed?

Today, the music maestro, lean, sun-tanned and all round, amazingly youthful at 68, knows how to keep in tip-top condition. But at 21, when he left the farm to conquer the world as a musician in his mail-order suit and his country high, sound health, he knew little of health.

"Through those years of homeless wandering in one-night stands," Welk recalled, "I didn't eat right, I was under terrible pressure, I didn't get enough rest and I didn't feel well. At least I didn't drink and I didn't smoke. But I had chronic colitis, a nervous

stomach and abdominal adhesions left over from my last appendix. Many times the bandstand smile on my face masked how I really felt. I've always felt that it was my duty to entertain, to look my best. I washed my own shirts, pressed my suit and polished my shoes. Sometimes my stomach was churning with hunger because I couldn't afford to buy a meal. It was a hungry period

**W**hen I did have the money I filled my sensitive stomach with such indigestibles as doughnuts, eggs, fried potatoes and fried chicken swimming in fat gravy. Like many entertainers, I ate late at night in little diners near the ballrooms where the cooking was neither healthful nor tasty. A few hours sleep and I was up, drinking scalding coffee with sweet rolls before rushing off to the next engagement. Much of the time we didn't even check into a hotel; we slept on sleepless buses. I don't believe any other band ever played as many one-nighters or clocked more hours sleeping on buses.

It's no wonder my insides hurt and I was bone weary; I put on weight from all the starches, my sweet tooth and lack of exercise. I went up to 202—was too much for my frame of 5' 11 1/2", though I am big-boned with big shoulders. After I learned the dan-

ges of overweight and how to eat properly, I brought my weight down to 179. Today I know it is better to be 10 pounds underweight as one grows older and so I keep my weight at around 169."

But before that, illness continued to plague the music maestro. There were two appendicitis, one with a serious post-operative hemorrhage while he was counting his nurse, Fern Reuter. Later, after Lawrence and Fern married, he was troubled with gall stones. At home, with Fern in charge, he began to restrict his diet, eating simple, bland and pureed foods, but away from home Lawrence continued to eat irregularly and poorly. Finally, his gall bladder was removed and Welk hoped his health problems were at an end.

But about 15 years ago, as he was putting his Champagne Music Makers through their paces at the Aragon Ballroom in Venice, California, he collapsed and was rushed by ambulance to St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica. Although he had all the symptoms of a gall bladder attack, his personal physician, Dr. John Eagan, knew it just couldn't be that. Naturally there was fear of malignancy. So an exploratory operation was performed. It disclosed that one gall stone remained from the previous operation and was causing the pain.

After the operation, Welk was impatient to get back to his budding television show and to leading his hand seven nights a week. But Dr. Eagan insisted he remain in the hospital. "Truth to tell," grinned Lawrence.

I felt simply awful! Day after day I couldn't eat, couldn't keep anything down. The doctor tried all kinds of food. My usual happy disposition turned sour; I was completely depressed. Really, I began to wonder if I'd ever recover.

And then one of the greatest things in my life happened. A man pulled up a chair to my hospital bed and began talking. It was Dr. Eagan. Lawrence," he said, "you must become your own doctor. I've done everything I can for you. Now you must take over. You must discover by trial and error what you can eat and what you can't. I can't be with you at every meal; I can't tell you what will agree with you or not. You have a sensitive digestion—a nervous stomach. What you eat, in which combinations, how much you eat, whether you are tired, worried, nervous or angry when you eat—all those things influence your delicate digestion."

What Dr. Eagan said made sense to me. And when I began to be my own doctor, my *whole life* changed." Lawrence's voice rose excitedly as he continued. "Of course, some things helped: I had made Los Angeles my base. Fred and the children moved here from Chicago. We had our own little home. I said an earnest prayer of thanksgiving that I was on the way to recovery.

When you have marvelous health you don't even think of it. But when you must build a state of health bit by bit like a bird making a nest, you learn to appreciate what health means. I point this out to my staff and I hope for their sake it makes an impression. As I was following the philosopher's words—*know thyself*—I made many changes in my eating habits. Instead of a full meal before a television performance I found, for instance, that canned peaches and cottage cheese or yogurt and tea or even a jar of baby food and skimmed milk did not overtax my digestion. I learned that eating late at night was unhealthy for me and I believe it is for everyone. But my diet isn't tailored for everyone—only myself and I learned by trial and error. Sometimes I have soup, jello and tea or perhaps a light sandwich and a cup of custard for lunch. It gives me enough energy to play a good game of golf afterwards. No doctor believes in a full meal be-

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# Lawrence Welk continued

for exercise. Yet I see fellow golfers stowing away steak and potatoes before a game!"

Lawrence knows, too, the importance of making at least one meal a day a blessed, relaxed time for enjoying family companionship. He likes a quiet, early dinner with his wife and he knows the value of relaxing before eating, even if it is merely a silent pause to count one's blessings. Pressing business problems are postponed until after dinner, although Welk has one of his three offices at home and frequently spends the evening in business appointments.

Most of all, Welk stresses the dangers of being overweight. His two daughters married doctors and he has become somewhat of an expert in America's No. 1 health problem. "More deaths are caused by the knife and fork than by the gun and automobile in this country," he commented. "Personally I weigh myself three and even four times a day."

One of Welk's slightly overweight musicians entered the office to ask the bandleader a question. Welk answered, then stated at the man's insistence and gave him the "pinch test"—a deep pinch of skin on the side of the body just over the lower ribs. As Lawrence explained, "If the distance between the thumb and index finger is greater than one inch, you are probably overweight and should immediately begin to do something about it."

Welk pointed to a slight roundness at his own waist. "I have had so many operations that I am criss-crossed like a road map. Because of that I can't control the weakened muscles to show an absolutely flat appearance. But there is no fat there. If I go up a pound, I cut down on the amount I eat immediately."

"Personally, I can't understand why fat people can't summon the will power to leave the table slightly hungry. Or why people knowing the truth, can't make themselves

give up cigarettes. Self-discipline is something I practice. When I wanted to learn to play the accordion I found the will power to do it. When a big plate of food is set before me at a banquet, I don't have to eat it just because it is there."

"I must confess," he grinned, "that one time I slipped. When my daughter-in-law Tanya Falan invited us to the first company dinner she cooked, she served chicken in a rich Italian style." He shook his head sadly. "I wanted to please her and ate more than I should and I almost got sick."

**T**oday Tanya understands her father-in-law's food preferences. And he understands that self-discipline saved his life. He knows, too, how much harm he did to his delicate digestive system years ago when he became angry because a musician in his band came to work drunk or untidily dressed or showed no respect for the audience. When he learned to keep from blowing his top, he could handle all annoyances without harm to his body.

"I know what is good for me now," Welk declares. "I believe that I am 90 percent cured of all the serious illnesses I had in scars. Yet I must keep a constant watch. I'm in better shape today at 68 than I was at 28. When I have my yearly checkup, my doctor tells me my physical condition is that of a much younger man."

To study this "man in motion," to watch his energy and enthusiasm, you would never believe he had been so desperately ill. As he rehearses a rehearsal of his TV show at the ABC Hollywood studio, his energy appears boundless while he handles scores of details, answers the phone, returns to a conversation, makes a quiet suggestion for a change in the tempo of a song. Yet through it all, he has time to ask a stagehand about his ill wife or to escort a visitor to her car.

America's busiest and highest-paid bandleader makes time for regular exercise. For him that means golf, his favorite sport, followed by a good swim. "There are two things you can count on to make the maestro happy," commented a member of his staff. "A low golf score and the news that he is going to have another grandchild. The only time I ever saw him a little less than modest was when he announced he'd made a hole in one."

Lawrence Welk is a perfectionist in every thing and he achieves his enviable low scores in golf by constantly perfecting his game. He plays 18 holes two or three times a week in town or at the Welk Mobile Home Village near Escondido, California. He also plays at their third home in Palm Springs, where he and Mrs. Welk are there.

And every day outside his beautiful Mediterranean-style home, Lawrence uses his private putting green and driving net. Many times he will finish taping a television show very late, grab a few hours of sleep, wake up at 5 A.M., don his bright red golf sweater, pick up his clubs and head for the airport and a plane to take him to Lake Tahoe for a golf date. And when he and his band appear at Harrah's every summer, Welk plays golf daily. "They even stage a tournament for me," he smiles.

Complimented on his game, Welk says modestly, "I know that I can never become a really top-notch golfer because I started too late in life. But I have a 13 handicap. I've played with the late President Eisenhower and with such golf greats as Arnold Palmer. Still, I am definitely not a natural athlete—far from it. I'd like to tell anyone who takes up a sport that practice truly makes perfect. I am like a very clumsy poorly co-ordinated man who takes dancing lessons. You can spot him immediately, counting, concentrating, really working at it. I learned that this was exactly what I would have to do with my swimming and my golf—work at them. In fact, I use myself as a guinea pig in my athletic endeavors."

Lawrence Welk likes to say, in speaking of his golf game, that his baton is still his best club. He doesn't mention that Jack Dover of the Handicap Committee of the Bel Air Country Club informed Welk that his handicap had dropped from 18 to 13 in one month. Dover said that in his 35 years at the job, he had never known a member who had dropped five points in a month.

The putting green and driving net outside the Welk home have really been instrumental in improving Lawrence's golf game... and in putting the maestro in tip-top physical condition. His second love is swimming. He has a heated, glass-enclosed pool at his home and he loves to see his five grandchildren splashing in the water. Every morning before breakfast he swims—winter or summer. "I make it a daily ritual to try to swim the length of the pool in the fewest possible strokes," Welk says. "When I started I wasn't in very good condition. It took me 15 strokes and a little hustling and pulling. I managed to better my record—almost daily—to 12, then eight and finally six. I'm still working on it."

He likes stream fishing but doesn't get to



Patty Duke shows MP Sean Patrick, born February 25. "He's named for my dad," she says.

pull in the trout in Colorado as often as he'd like. Time is a factor. But he does go in for walking, hiking and—as everyone knows—dancing. Tennis and jogging are a bit too strenuous for him, but playing pool on the table in his home suits him fine. Strangely enough, Lawrence places napping high on his physical fitness chart. "I have found that nothing does me as much good before a show as a catnap," he explains. "Every day I try to get a short nap in before dinner, if possible. I can then continue to work far into the night."

Exercise of all kinds, Lawrence believes, is vital for one's circulation. And most people in this day of "push-button" living, with elevators, cars and machines to make life easier, do not get enough exercise. "People say they haven't time," says Welk. "But really everyone has 15 or 20 minutes for a brisk walk every day. They'll find themselves more fit, healthy and happy."

The traditional ending to a Welk television show is "Stay Happy and Keep a Song in your Heart." Welk would like to add "healthy" to that. According to him, it's not hard. All you have to do is try.

—BY MAXINE BLOCK

## On My Soapbox

continued from page 32

peacefully. Although we have been conscious of these ecological problems for many years, the recent publicity given to them has, hopefully, had the establishment where they live—literally and figuratively.

We were forced to realize that we have been flagrantly polluting the water and the air, and have had an almost total disregard for conservation.

I believe this particular brand of shock treatment has registered more strongly than any violent demonstrations. I applaud all those who participated in the program.

I can only hope that the young readers of this column will bear with us—the changes will come.

We are all aware that the future is where we will be spending the rest of our lives; only the young will be there a little longer.

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continued from page 63

was radio work that drove Ty out of Chicago. He was given the assignment of reading the Sunday comics on the air. That night he boarded a train for New York.

It didn't take Power long to learn that casting directors and producers on Broadway were the same as those in Hollywood. They granted him interviews, talked about what a great actor his father was—but always regretted that they had nothing to offer the son.

Stanley Gilkey, who was Katharine Cornell's manager, struck Tyrone Power as the toughest of all customers to tackle. So instead of even daring to ask him for work, Ty tried to wangle a pass out of him for one of Miss Cornell's shows. But to his great surprise Ty was given the role as Burgess Meredith's understudy in *Flowers Of The Forest*. However, Meredith was a healthy actor, and Ty never got a chance to go on. But he received \$30 a week nevertheless, which kept him from starvation.

In 1935, Tyrone Power was performing with a summer stock company at the Beach Theater in West Falmouth, Massachusetts, where the movie scouts looked him over and reported him "promising." They liked him even more than winter when Ty finally made his Broadway debut in Katharine Cornell's *Romeo And Juliet*, playing the role of Benvolio.

And suddenly Tyrone Power was whisked to Hollywood where he was destined to become an instant star. Well, almost instant. The truth of the matter is that when Darryl F. Zanuck looked at Ty's first screen test he thought it was so terrible that another would have to be made—just to make certain that the seven scouts in Falmouth and those on Broadway weren't drunk when they recommended young Power for films.

The second test turned the trick and he was cast in a vehicle called *Girls' Dormitory*. Was he a success in it? Perhaps—but the notices were mainly devoted to the new-found French star, Simone Simon. Zanuck rewarded Power with a role in a second, even more important film, *Ladies In Love*. While filming this movie with Janet Gaynor, he fell in love with her. The romance seemed to flourish into the following year, 1936—when 20th Century-Fox cast him in a starring role in *Lloyd's Of London*, which brought him sudden worldwide acclaim—and stardom.

*Lloyd's* was followed by *Thin Ice*, co-starring Sonja Henie and suddenly his romance with Miss Gaynor seemed past as the columnists detected Ty had a new heartthrob, the Swedish skating star.

But by the time he had churched through his next two widely-heralded celluloid epics, *Alexander's Ragtime Band* and *Marie Antoinette*, even the talk of Ty and Sonja abated. Now Ty was making Suzy and his co-star was the beautiful French actress Annabella. From this moment on, all links with Miss Gaynor and Miss Henie were severed for all time, for Tyrone Power had fallen hopelessly in love with Annabella, who at age 23 was a year older than Ty.

Then on April 23, 1939, the twice-married tiny French chanteuse and mother of a five-year-old daughter, became Tyrone Power's

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continued

lowed by another best seller, *Captain From Castle*. But the big news of 1946 was not Fyrone's movie-making activities, but his marital problems. What had been billed as Hollywood's most idyllic marriage suddenly soured, and it blew up with a bang that made the big black headlines.

After seven years, Ty and Annabella were through. There was talk that the end began when *The Razor's Edge* went into production and Ty found it pleasant working opposite beautician Gene Tierney. The upshot the story goes, is that Ty and Gene proclaimed their love for each other; that Ty explained it to Annabella and Gene explained it to her husband, designer Oleg Cassini, and that all four got together to discuss what they agreed was "one hell of a mess."

Ty and Annabella were not divorced until two years later, in 1948, and a year later in Rome, while more than a thousand Bolsheviks staged a near riot outside an ancient 16th century church Power took a hide in a Roman Catholic ceremony. But she was not Gene Tierney. Her name: Linda Christian.

Suddenly now Tyronne Power's attitude toward Hollywood took a drastic turn. He had left it for years, but now he was ready to let the world know—after 11 years of stardom he left he was in a rut.

"You go to the same studio every morning," Ty said. "You get the same kind of part. The costume will be different and the leading lady different, but you feel it hand to get much more of a change than that."

In 1950, after failing to convince Hollywood that he wanted to get away from "pretty boy" roles, Tyronne took his leave, went to London, played the lead in the stage production of *Mister Roberts*, and made his home with Linda in Italy.

Eight years later, Tyronne Power's life was hurtling finally toward eternity—and yet it was a period when he was beginning to feel the fulfillment of his mission for what he felt, deep inside, was the last time. He was in New York now and he was in the stage production of Bernard Shaw's *Birth To Methusalem* in which Ty played six roles. Tyronne Power was proving his theory—that an actor makes his mark by taking on the toughest challenges.

"Nothing ever developed muscles by doing the easy things," he observed before the play opened. "You have to reach out in life. You have to build up friction. There has to be an abrasion."

Although he was abhored by the New York critics after the opening, Power was not convinced that the stage did not offer him a richer future than movies.

"This is the sort of thing that tries an actor's soul," Power observed. "But if you're at all perceptive, you're bound to profit by such an experience. I wouldn't have missed it for the world, but I wouldn't want to go through it again."

By now, Ty's marriage to Linda Christian had long gone on the rocks and the divorce became final in 1956. Linda received custody of their two daughters, Romina Francesco, then four, and Tarra, two. The divorce had not surprised their friends, for



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ties had said from the outset that it was never meant to be.

It took a third wife on May 7, 1958—the former Mrs. Deborah Marzados, of Tunica, Mississippi. Just before they took their vows, he met his ex-wife, Linda, to break the news of his impending marriage to Debbie. While they were talking, Ty mentioned that he'd been to a doctor and his electrocardiograph report hadn't come out favorable.

"But I think there was something wrong with the machine," Ty said.

After a long honeymoon, Tyronne and Debbie finally went to Madrid where Ty had been committed to work on the multi-million-dollar film epic, *Solomon And Sheba*. Shooting began on September 15, and because Debbie was with her husband, the producers arranged to have her appear in the movie in a harem scene.

Two months passed and work on Tyronne Power's 40th movie was progressing with inordinate speed. It was nearly two-thirds finished and now the big scene was ready to be filmed—Power, dressed as King Solomon in bright orange cape, dueling with George Sanders, his recalcitrant brother. The two actors fought vigorously through most of the morning and the scene was finished at shortly before 11 a.m. Minutes later, Ty turned to a group of actors on the set and complained:

"I don't feel well. I must go and lie down for a little while . . ."

He drank a glass of brandy and then explained to producer Ted Richmond that he was feeling pains in his left arm and abdomen. Minutes after lying down, Tyronne Power went into a coma. An ambulance was summoned and rushed him to a hospital—but not in time. He was dead on arrival.

Tyronne Power III died the way his father died—on a movie set.

For Debbie Power, the death of her husband was a tragedy of inconsolable grief, heightened by the fact that she was carrying Ty's son, who was to be born in February. But the deep sorrow of Tyronne Power's death was not exclusively Debbie's, for his passing was felt by millions of his fans around the world. At the age of 44, he was too young to die. But he did die and the many plans for his career, the many hopes, all went with him.

Yet note of the losses was stronger than his desire to become the father of a son, whom he would have wanted to name Tyronne IV, and whom he would have wanted to follow in the footsteps of four generations of the Power family.

And Debbie has given her word that she will do everything in her power to fulfill her husband's wish for his son. □

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her next-door neighbor, and I slammed the umbrella that I was holding on my toe, and broke the little toe on my right foot.

"The next week I went to London, where you have to go by foot to see the shops, and my foot was killing me. I could not understand why a bone bruise, which I thought it was, would hurt so much. But I walked and hobbled through London for 10 days. When I got back, I called my doctor, and he had it X-rayed and found it was broken completely in half!"

That would have been self-inflicted, but there was the time when Doris quite innocently inflicted on Billy what Shakespeare might have called "the unkindest cut of all" for an actor—she cut up his face during a scene.

"It happened in a scene that involved a bowler hat," Billy explained. "I had the bowler hat, and a dog came in and grabbed my slipper. And I said to Doris in the scene, 'You have not only stolen my slipper,' and so forth, and Doris said 'Here is your slipper,' and took the hat just to pull it down on my head."

"But something—they did not look close enough—was in the sweatband, a pin or something. So when she pulled the hat down over my face, it cut me, and the blood was all over me."

One incident was less violent but equally hard on Billy's dignity—and his comfort. "I was doing a scene on the patio—Doris has shrubbery there, you know, and is watering her part of the shrubbery. One of her bows yelled, 'Hey, Mama, did you see my catcher's mitt?'

"As she turned to answer the bows, the bows stalked me through because I was lying down on the other side with my cup of tea reading the *Wall Street Journal*. And I said to her, 'You have not only watered my *Wall Street Journal*, but you have also weakened my tea!'"

"You mean it was really an accident that she sprinkled you?" I asked.

"Yes! I should not have been there, but we were still filming. But when you have been in the business as long as I have you never stop during a scene—you do not know what they can get out of it. I never stopped—even in my old days at Paramount I never stopped."

"Another thing," Billy said, continuing his recitation of mishaps, "was the time when they shut the door on me and I got a nosebleed."

"Who shut the door on you?" I asked, knowing what the answer would be. . . .

"Doris did—all those things were done by her," he assured me. "So you can see why at the end of the day they presented me a shirt with a purple heart on it. I got hurt so many times in that series!"

He sighed. "Yes, everything happens to me on *The Doris Day Show*. In one episode there was a scene where the people in her office were trying to get rid of me and put vodka in the water cooler in the office. I had a scene where I drank some and came back with another glass and said, 'Love that water!' because I didn't know there was vodka in it."

"There was a break during filming of the

scene so they could recharge the set, and I put down the glass. I picked it up again when they were ready, and said, 'Love that water,' and started to drink. Well, somebody—and I don't know who—had put real vodka in the glass between takes. I am not a vodka drinker—it makes me sick—but I went right on with the scene!"

"You only know what it is like to take a big gulp of vodka and still have lines to do . . . but I went right on, and they broke up behind the camera, because everybody was in on it except Doris and myself. It was burning in my throat, and they broke up completely!"

"Then Doris asked what was going on, and when she found out, she said, 'You are a good sport in not ruining a take!'"

Billy gamely added, "I am Doris' next-door neighbor on the show, and I can only say that it is a joy to work with her. The crew just love her because she is a delight to work with. I should know, because I worked with her in the old days."

"I did *Julie's Of Broadway* with her," Billy explained. "That was my first time to work with her. I used to name people in those days—give everybody a name. For me reason at all I wanted to name Doris something that would be completely different, so I named her Clara Bixby. You know, she still has stationery with Clara Bixby on it!"

**W**hen I went back East to New England recently, my sister sent Doris some homemade pickles. Doris wrote her a thank-you note. And today I got a letter from my sister, saying that she received the thank-you note from Doris on the stationery with Clara Bixby on the top.

"I had named myself Gregory Wedgechiff when I named her Clara Bixby, but she said, 'No, that is almost like you. You name everyone else—I am going to name now. It is going to have to be something opposite.' So she named me Frank Knecker, and that's what she calls me."

"Has Doris changed much in personality since you were making musicals with her at Warner Brothers in the old days?" I asked.

"No" I tell you. I think she looks so much better today," he assured me. "Her figure is just great. Of course, anybody can run into her in the morning when she is cycling around Beverly Hills on her bike. Awes she goes, and people call out, 'Hi, Doris!' She is so nice."

"Doris is so cute and adorable back then, but when you look at her pictures then and look at them now, they are a hundred percent better now. I have a few pictures from the old days. We keep them in her dressing room, and I have shown them to a few other people."

"Those musicals we did are still on TV now," Billy pointed out. "You know, it wasn't too long ago that *7th Far Two* was on TV. I called Doris and said, 'Do you have *Chanson 9 on*?' She said, 'No,' and then went to put it on. There she was. She said, 'Oh, look at my hair! Look at my dress! Ohoh! Typical woman. . . .

"I said, 'I have to admit you look so much

better today.' It is a great compliment when you think of the years in between. That was in the '50s."

"Do people ask you about Doris and the show and if they do what do they want to know?"

"Everybody asks, 'Is she really as nice as she comes off?' I say, 'Yes, she is. And I like working with her.' They are happy that I play her neighbor."

"She does a lot of things to make the cast comfortable, doesn't she?" I asked.

"Oh, there is always ice cream around, or cake," Billy smiled. "Doris is always munching. Every time I see her she is munching—munching a little cookie here, a little cookie there. But I guess she exercises it off. Oh, she always wants everybody happy out there. She is a delight!"

"Of course, you know how wonderful she is with animals," he added. "One day, after finishing at the studio, it was pouring rain and Doris was on her way home. She stopped at an intersection and saw this woman and this dog."

"The woman was telling the dog to go home—go home! Doris was watching this, and said to the woman, 'Isn't that your dog?' The woman said, 'No.' She said, 'This poor thing has been following me. He looks like he is half-starved. He keeps following me and I can't take him home!'

"Doris was worried. She asked, 'Do you know who he belongs to?' The woman said, 'No, the poor thing. . . . Look! You can see his ribs!'

"Two seconds later, the dog was in Doris' car. She took him straight to the vet in Beverly Hills, who said, 'The dog is in good shape but he is half-starved.' Well, you know where that dog lives today, don't you? At Doris' house!"

"These are the type of pets that she has. She doesn't know the pedigree. These are poor little things that she has taken in, and she loves them!"

"I have one favorite among her dogs. His name is Tiger. I tell you, when I drive up to Doris' house, he hops in the back seat. Never mind the front! It's like I am the chauffeur, and he sits there like that. I swear that when he goes to the studio with her during the day, he probably has a beret and dark sunglasses on, and a cigarette holder in his mouth. He really is in style."

"She brings three dogs to the studio with her at a time. Then she switches to another three, so they all get a chance to go to the studio. They almost know when the scene is over, and when it is they jump down and go over to her. You see, they sit in regular director's chairs. They are so cute, really."

Billy was full of praise for Doris Day's acting ability.

"When Doris does things, they come out so natural that people never realize how great she is. When she works with actors on the set they are just amazed at her because she puts in these little giggles and things that are so real."

"When I was a visitor on the set, she did a scene where there was a big meeting and they sent her out to get sandwiches because they had so much business to attend to that they couldn't go out for lunch. Doris comes



# Results of the Elvis Presley Poll



ELVIS THEN

ELVIS NOW

**Wow! We didn't know we were asking such a loaded question!**

As the answers flooded into the MOTION PICTURE offices, it became clear that Elvis' fans were against the "new look" 2 to 1. Here's what some of you had to say:

## We Loathe Elvis' New Look!

"No, I don't care for Elvis' new look. Years ago I fell in love with a clean-cut guy, and I wish he would remain that way."

He's great!"

—Mildred Jones, Lexington, Illinois

"I may not like it, but if Elvis does, I think that's his privilege."

—Lia Pendegraft, Billings, Oklahoma

"...one Tiny Tim is enough."

—Michele Barton, Orchards, Washington

"We always respected Elvis for being an individual. Now we feel he is conforming with the masses."

—Mrs. M. Vazquez, Miami, Florida

"Mr. Presley doesn't have to go along with the trend. I am sure most people prefer him to take the middle road in dress style."

—Mrs. Lillian Daugherty, St. Petersburg, Florida

## We Love Elvis' New Look!

"I love Elvis' new look, but I also love his old look. He looks great both ways."

—Maria Cuomo, Chicago, Illinois

"I think it's the best he's ever looked. He's really beautiful. Tell him to keep it up—I love it!"

—Jody Chalek, Gardena, California

"I love the way Elvis looks today, but he'd even look great in a potato sack."

—Irene Fleischman, Bronx, New York

"Elvis' style, his music and, yes, even his new look, make me proud to be a fan of his."

—Carolyn Gryn, Willoughby, Ohio

"The King has once again proven that he is capable of changing with the times and still remaining the one and only King."

—Johnny and Emily Pote, Fayetteville, North Carolina

# Glen Campbell

continued from page 40

this awful foe that Glen had to learn to recognize and fight, has proved a great deal on his mind of late. He might have been a typically concerned but uninvolved parent if it hadn't been for the fact that in the months preceding his collapse several of the Campbells' best friends were stunned by how close the narcotics epidemic had touched them when their own children were arrested on drug violations. The weight of worry over his children's future and the ordeal of waiting to find out what his own future would be in television put more than a heavy load on the young song star.

So did the added work he put into the TV series preparation. The ratings were down and at the worse possible time. He had to work harder to make the show better and that meant putting in a 16-hour day—seven days a week.

He suffered several dizzy spells on the CBS soundstages but refused to consult a doctor about them. Even after he'd passed out and lost consciousness completely, he fought to get out of the hospital he'd been rushed into. He didn't want his family to worry about his condition, he said.

**T**here was a more practical reason for Glen to want to shut off his illness at that time. If the undecided powers-that-be at the network got the idea that Campbell was a hospital case they might also get the idea that he was as sick as most emergency patients usually are.

It was fear over how these established executives and network officials would take the rumors that his collapse had been caused by a serious heart attack that first caused Glen to meet the challenge the rumors had created and admit he'd been hospitalized.

Well, Glen's big stomach aches gave his managers and career advisers quite a big headache for a while, but he was finally released from the hospital and the show was renewed by CBS.

Any doctor will admit that the condition, if uncontrolled or ignored, is frequently the beginning of the ulcer that is so difficult to cope with in its later stages. Ulcers are sometimes caused by malfunctioning glandular activity, but usually are the result of extreme hypertension and nervous reactions from the person afflicted with the condition. It can grow to a severe degree, requiring surgery to correct. The same form of nervous tension is often the cause of common coronary problems. Add to this the extraordinary work load that Glen has placed on himself and you've got the ideal illustration of what every doctor will tell you not to become a victim of.

The mystery about whether Campbell is ailing from simple indigestion or something far more serious is what his doctors refuse to discuss with the press or public. To Campbell himself the whole subject of his illness is treated like it was just one big laugh. But when Glen is called upon to discuss his illness and hospitalization . . . he isn't laughing.

—BY IRV HOLMES



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problems of any two personalities working together constantly. The professional jealousy such situations breed has ruined many celebrity marriages and destroyed close blood-ties between members of the same famous family. Lucille Ball is an example of both cases, having lost one celebrity marriage, with Desi Arnaz Sr., under the pressure of combining both professional and personal relationships and more recently suffering a heartbreaking break with her son, Desi Jr.

Yet Shirley and David continue to work together on ABC-TV's *Partridge Family* without any apparent pressure building between them. When the series first started production, Shirley was a full-fledged star, an Academy Award-winning actress who should have, by all odds, "run away with the show." On the other hand, David's status as an actor was near zero and, although few will admit it today, most show-business observers back then were positive that young Cassidy would be lucky just to maintain that merely nonexistent talent rating.

In practically no time at all, of course, David's impact on the television audience soared. His stardom rivaled Shirley's and in some ways even surpassed it.

Modern success stories like that may be

marvelous plots for heart-tugging human-interest stories—but they just as often are the ego-shattering themes upon which envy and resentment build. David's skyrocketing to fame created no intrigue, no animosity, no personality clash with the star of the show. Instead of that familiar pale shade of green that outsiders anticipated, Shirley simply beamed a bright blaze of pride and happiness. Once again, it just didn't figure.

Perhaps the most bewildering problem to confront David and Shirley was the very first one they faced together—many years ago, when they first met. David was almost nine years old and Shirley was the woman who had replaced David's mother in Jack Cassidy's life. Now that role is an awful lot tougher to play than any television portrayal. That pressure is something that can't be shrugged off. Real life had cast Shirley as "the stepmother"—a role traditionally reserved for the villain in almost every story.

The plot of this drama called for the stepmother to face the challenge of winning the young contained child. It's an ancient tale filled with tragedy and tears. Good human-interest stuff—almost always culminating with an unhappy ending.

Jack Cassidy wanted his son to like the new Mrs. Cassidy—and he certainly wanted

the lad's new stepmother to like little David. Shirley wanted more. She wanted her husband's son to *love* her and she was determined even before she met David to make that wish a reality. So determined was Shirley that she almost wrecked their entire relationship from the outset! Shirley twinges even now when she looks back at the chaotic beginning. "I knew I had the toughest job of my life ahead of me. It was just like in the theater. When you want to do a great performance, but you know you've got to prove yourself to the audience you can press so hard that you're most apt to blow it all—lose the audience and lose up the role as well."

Shirley admits today that she was so anxious for David's love that she "pressed" her role as the "loving stepmother."

"In the first place," Shirley remembers, "I was scared to death by him [David]."<sup>1</sup> In an effort to avoid creating tension, Jack made David and Shirley's first meeting a surprise. That way, Jack reasoned, she wouldn't have time to get nervous and she'd just be her self.

Jack's logical approach may have looked great from his side of the family, but from Shirley's point of view, "It was one of the dumbest things Jack has ever done!"

## Sidney Skolsky

continued from page 18

MITCHUM is deceiving. He is literate, intellectual, gracious, kind, with good manners.

ZERO MOSTEL's greatest fans are other actors. Especially comedians.

LEE REMICK is sexy, but in that nice, quiet "still-waters" way that whispers rather than shouts at you.

I've been told that the sarong DOROTHY LAMOUR wore in the "Road" pictures is in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington next to CHARLES LINDBERGH's "Spirit Of St. Louis." I said I've been told, but I don't believe it.

I guess just about everyone (female) has played Dolly Levi of "Hello, Dolly!" and I guess everyone will continue to do so for years and years.

ELEANOR PARKER is good-looking with a plain face. I seldom recognize her because her face hasn't any distinguishing features. Yet Eleanor is pretty.

PHYLLIS DILLER and TINY TIM aren't pretty, but I recognize them

immediately. I don't believe TUESDAY WELD has had a picture worthy of her talent. JULIE ANDREWS is trying to prove she is sexy. GEORGE SANDERS has been described—not by me—as the kind of friend who's always around when he needs you.

### Out Of The Mouths Of Celebrities:

BEN GAZZARA: Successful acting isn't necessarily good acting.

JOAN CRAWFORD: I had the great advantage of growing up in front of a camera. I know just how to turn, just what to show on my face and when to let the other performer have it.

MARLON BRANDO: It's when I'm not satisfied with a script that I can't remember my lines.

WARREN BEATTY: I remind myself of me.

JACQUELINE BISSET: Every woman should have a secret. Even the girl next door is alluring if she has a secret.

MAE WEST: Sex isn't even a four-letter word.

AUDREY HEPBURN: Funny, but

I keep getting older and CARY GRANT keeps getting younger.

ANDY WILLIAMS: I'm the legendary Californian—an Iowan.

GRETA GARBO: Better I should stay a legend.

CARRIE SNODGRESS thinks her insistence that she be allowed to use her real name for movies was a blessing in disguise. ("I just wanted to pay homage to my parents, but the name really worked for me. You might say that Snodgress is somewhat unforgettable, huh?")

Once, when her agent asked her to use another name, Carrie suggested that perhaps her mother's maiden name would be a good one. That's the last time he asked her. Her mother's name was SNECK.

Hollywood is a town where you can be all fed up and still go hungry. It's a town where if you see a movie star talking to himself it's a sure bet he's listening to a flatterer. But don't get me wrong. I love Hollywood.

As Shirley recalls it "I was in my seventh month of pregnancy, but I looked like I was 11 months gone. I was also in the midst of cleaning an outdoor barbecue." At this point, Jack passed me to introduce his son for the first time.

"It's difficult to determine which of us was more petrified," Shirley states. "I crawled out of the sofa and struggled to what seemed to be at least a half hour to get to my feet. David stared at me with a look I'll never forget as long as I live."

Shirley tried to regain her composure but failed at every turn. The entire day was a calamity. The pregnant stepmother decided that the only way she could possibly make a comeback with David would be to give "what amounted to the greatest performance of my career." Shirley explains: "I set out to play a part—one of all caring, all loving, all devoted, just to David. I had made up my mind that the only way I was going to win that child over to my side was to shower him with so much attention and affection that he'd have to recognize it as love. He recognized it exactly for what it was—a fraud!"

"I know it was a disastrous mistake now but at the time it seemed like the only approach. Looking back on that tense period I can see that I had used the wrong kind of love to win David. Ironically, any child could have seen that, but it's a mistake adults make all the time."

Shirley's campaign to win David over took on all the glitter and tinsel of a movie production. She made every effort to look the role of the movie queen after that fast encounter. She tried to be glamorous and an understanding buddy to David, but she could feel him drifting away more and more. "You taught me," Shirley states, "that I was trying to seduce David into loving me by using all those feminine tricks a girl uses to capture a man. It took me years to realize that you can't seduce a little boy. You've got to ignore all those complicated plus if you want to have a relationship with a child. Life is sweet is really quite simple once you are aware of it. It's not a matter of what you 'should do' as much as what you 'shouldn't do.'"

Shirley confesses that she didn't begin to win David's heart over to her side until she finally stopped trying. She can best sum up the story this way: "I found the secret to unlocking his love the instant I stopped searching for it. The moment I began to mind my own business, he first started to tell me his, to confide in me and learn to trust me. The glamorous movie-star act was a flop because it wasn't real, and David—or any other child, for that matter—will show away from anyone who isn't honest with them."

"I found out the hard way that the only way anyone can ever learn anything about a child is to allow the child to teach you—not vice versa. You must trade roles with him. Don't be a star—let him be the only star in your life. That's when your story will really begin—or end—depending on how you play it from there!"

—BY ED PORTER

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# Ryan O'Neal

continued from page 25

let him off. His father was working in Germany then, and Ryan was allowed to join him and finish high school in Munich. It was in Germany that Ryan got his first taste of acting—doing stunts, bit parts and stand-in chores for a TV series called *Tales Of The Vikings*—and it was there that he fell in love with acting and knew that he would spend the rest of his life at it. If his life story were fiction, that would have been the point where the happy ending began: mixed-up kid finds himself in show biz, stays out of trouble forever. But Ryan was living life, not acting it, and it didn't work out that way. A year later, although he came back to the United States “with a purpose,” he sought out his old gang and found that they hadn't changed a bit. Glad to welcome him back to the fold, they took him to a party. Ryan was standing in the kitchen, minding his own business, when a guy he didn't even know came at him, primed for action and armed with a can opener.

You wonder, even now, how much time Ryan had as his sudden enemy wove in at him. Did he have time to think, *This should*

*have happened a year ago . . . I'd have enjoyed it then . . . not now, though . . . I've changed . . . I want to stay clean—or did he simply feel the old lust for violence welling joyfully up, did some secret part of him rejoice at the chance for just one more no-holds-barred fight before he settled down and became respectable forever? It all happened too fast for anyone, even Ryan, to know for sure. What is certain is that Ryan took his attacker apart so efficiently that not even a plow of self-defense could get him off. He was arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced to 60 days in the Lincoln Heights jail.*

The Lincoln Heights jail was not what anyone would call a model penal institution. It has been referred to as “a notorious penal.” Perhaps that was just as well. Nobody there went out of his way to rehabilitate young Ryan O'Neal—but the jail itself did the trick by scaring hell out of him. Years later when he finally told the story, Ryan was still shaking his head in wonder at the experience. “Man, that place was full of blacks and Mexican guys. I got along

fine with them, but what was I doing in there? I was a nice kid from Pacific Palisades!”

Or at least, for the first time in his life, he wanted to be. When he walked out of jail 51 days later (nine days grace for good behavior), he walked far and fast and never turned around. That part of his life was over forever.

No, it is not an especially pretty story, and it is easy to see why, when Ryan became a star a few years later, his bosses and agents didn't want him to spread it around. It's easy to see why Ryan didn't argue with them, either—after all, it wasn't the kind of thing he wanted to remember.

He was leading a different sort of life by then; surely he felt like a completely different person. The few brawls he got into were of a different character—a shove or a punch traded in anger, maybe, but nobody really got hurt, nobody was really trying to hurt anyone else. Especially not Ryan. So he was content, maybe even relieved, to follow professional advice and let the past stay buried.

# Elliott Gould

continued from page 57

for the lead, but as Kim reported, “Elliott wanted me, and nobody else.” And he got his way.

Kim? She was delirious with delight and was determined to do her very best.

But she never got the chance. None, only a week after her arrival in the big city, the whole production was at a standstill.

On the first day of shooting, there were reports of conflict between Elliott and the director, Anthony Harvey. Nobody could pinpoint what began the fireworks. But they went off: shouting, temper fits and tantrums that ended in Gould's refusal of Harvey's instructions. Those there say that finally, Harvey just stalked off the set. Others say he'd been fired by Gould.

Whatever, Harvey was back at work the next day. But it was not to be that simple: Kim found herself caught in the middle of the warring director and his star—a most uncomfortable position. She admired both men. Their antagonism was in no way concerned with her. But, for a while, it looked as if she might become involved, like it or not.

It seems that Gould maintained that Harvey had broken his contract, even if the director did return to the set the next day—and Elliott wanted Kim to kick him up.

“But I couldn't do that,” Kim said firmly. “I couldn't. I explained it to Elliott, and it was all right. He wasn't mad at me.”

But nothing else was all right. As if the first day hadn't been bad enough, there also occurred a subway accident in which several extras were shaken up and bruised when the car on which they were working came to an unshielded, body-crushing halt.

Then the rumors began. And, like all rumors, they grew bigger and wilder . . .

*Daily Variety* ran a front-page story with the lines, “Reports of a subway accident that marred first-day lensing last Monday were followed by rumors of firing director Anthony Harvey, temper tantrums by Gould, a physical assault on co-star Kim Darby . . .”

That tipped it. Kim came out of the woodwork angrily exclaiming, “A WHAT? For pity's sake, where do people GET these stories? What do they mean, physical assault? Everybody treated me fine. Everybody. I didn't have any trouble with anyone. And Elliott and I still are good friends!”

Nevertheless, with everything up in the air, the tension was telling. Indeed, reports were that Kim had left New York. There was a column item saying, “Kim Darby is home and incommunicado, trying to forget the nightmare.”

She wasn't—not then. She was in New York, trying still to get her absent co-star to come to work.

Through all the pictures Elliott's made, nobody has ever seen Elliott behave this way.

There were many who were worried about the work pace he seemed determined to sustain. He was doing far too much too fast, with little vacation or rest between films. While other actors made two or three pictures a year, Elliott appeared in several consecutive major movies, maybe to make up for the lost years he spent buried beneath Barbius' light.

Elliott admires directors and makes a point of going to see “the people I like. There are some actors I go to see too, but I'm really interested in what directors are doing. I've had wonderful collaborative experiences with the directors I've worked for. I want to direct. It's a director's medium.”

And certainly he and directors seemed to have had fine rapport—until *Glimmer Of Tiger* when the entire production was halted, leaving Kim Darby waiting.

“I had not been officially released from my contract,” Kim explained. “I couldn't leave until somebody told me I could. Otherwise, they might say I'd broken my contract, and I couldn't have that. So I waited. I just kept hoping that something, somehow, would happen, and that we'd do the picture.

“I wanted to make that film with Elliott so badly. I am such an admirer of his work and I admire him as a person, too.”

When the official word finally came through, that Kim could go home, she had one last telephone conversation with Elliott before she left New York.

“We just expressed regret at not being able to work together, I said goodbye, and that was that,” Kim reported. “I came home. That's all.”

As a postscript, Warner Brothers announced a few weeks later that *Tiger* would be revived during the summer—with Barbra Streisand in the female lead! Barbra, who had wanted Kim Darby.

Were Elliott's actions caused by “utter exhaustion?” He's never been a temperamental star before. Why now?

As for Kim, she hopes that “Maybe some day Elliott and I can still work together.”

Meanwhile, everyone who knows and admires Elliott Gould hopes that the brilliant young actor will get a good rest and then continue his career. Any other outcome would be truly tragic.

—BY JERRY LANDSTROME



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